

塩川香世 KAYO SHIOKAWA

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From Sorrow to Awakening



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*In ancient Japan, women known as miko
played a vital role in society.*

*They listened to the voice of the gods,
carried the fate of the nation on their
shoulders, prayed for royal prosperity,
begged for rain in times of drought, and
wished for safe passage across
treacherous seas. In times of war, they
cursed their enemies. Failure was never
an option—they lived under immense
spiritual pressure. But this is not just a
story of the distant
past. Even now, we carry the same hearts
within us. Through the lens of the miko,
let us come to know our hearts, liberate
them, and reclaim the freedom that once
was ours.*



Himiko – From Sorrow to Awakening

Himiko – From Sorrow to Awakening

Kayo Shiokawa/UTA circle members/Toshiaki Kiriū

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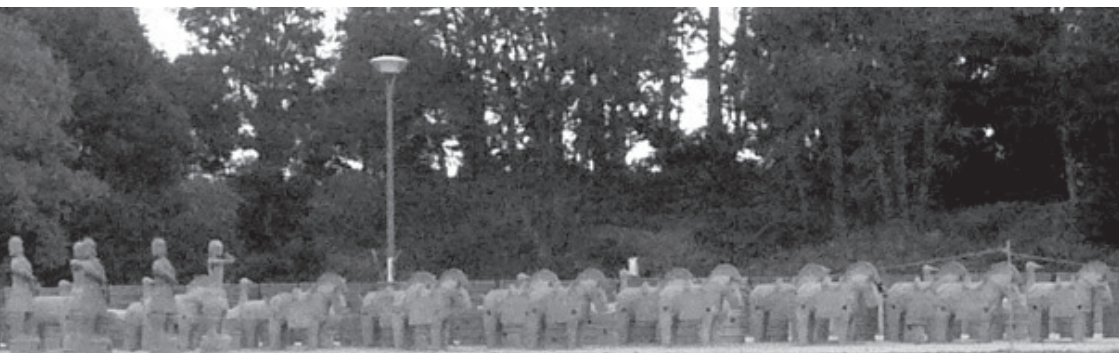
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Stage of the Imajozuka Kofun Festival (Ibaraki City, Osaka Prefecture)

Costume of Himiko

(Osaka Yayoi Culture Museum)

Chōhō

⇒
- ceremonial robe
from the Han dynasty
in China (made of silk)

Hikage no Kazura

⇐
(a type of fern; believed
to have been worn during
sacred rituals)

Koromo

⇐
- a garment
with sleeves

Mo

⇒
- a skirt-like
garment
resembling
a modern skirt



Introduction

When we turn our hearts toward Amaterasu, what often surfaces is not only the energy of power and dominance—such as the drive to be “number one”—but also the soul’s memory of being torn from one’s mother at a young age and subjected to the harsh training of a miko. Beneath this forceful exterior lie deep feelings of sorrow and loneliness. Through meditation, we are invited to face these hidden emotions and gently tell ourselves, “Let’s return to the embrace of the Mother.”

Furthermore, the name “Amaterasu” written in katakana symbolizes the vast, dark universe, whereas “Amaterasu Ōmikami” in kanji represents a human-constructed, limited realm of gods tied to state authority. Both are but small worlds when compared to the loving energy of the Mother Universe—our true spiritual home. Even the expansive dark universe of Amaterasu, when held against the Mother’s gentle vibration, is revealed to be modest and contained.

We are called to guide the universe of Amaterasu—this dark cosmic energy—back into the heart of the Mother Universe. In doing so, the once-bloody world of Amaterasu Ōmikami, shaped by conflict and ego, is recognized as insignificant. By embracing the Mother’s vibration and following the steady flow of consciousness, we can return to love—the origin of our being—and move from the third dimension into a higher one.

1. Let Us Return to the Mother

Yesterday, I spoke about Amaterasu as a symbol of power struggles—a force of battle energy—and I still believe that’s true.

When we turn our hearts to Amaterasu, thoughts and feelings of conflict, family pride, the drive to be the best—all of these begin to surface.

But there’s another important association with Amaterasu: the miko (shrine maidens).

Each one of you has lived as a miko many times throughout your countless past lives.

The experience of being torn away from your mother at a young age and taken to a place for “training”—to hear the voice of the gods—is something that surely resides in your heart.

So when you think of Amaterasu, the feelings that arise are not just about fierce pride or dominance, but also deep sorrow and pain.

There’s the grief of being separated from your mother, of growing up under harsh conditions, undergoing endless training from a young age.

And if you failed to demonstrate the expected “abilities,” you were discarded like trash.

That kind of pain—indescribable and heavy—still lingers inside.

If you meditate sincerely, you will inevitably reach that memory.

Those buried emotions will begin to emerge.

So as we now turn our hearts toward Amaterasu in meditation, it’s fine to face the drive to be the best.

But more than that, I encourage you to connect with the dark, unspeakable feelings from when you were very small—the ones you don't want to touch, the ones you wish you could avoid.

If you can feel that pain when facing Amaterasu, gently say to it: “That’s not the truth. Let’s return to the Mother.”

Just repeat that message, simply and sincerely.

You were so small.

You didn’t know where you were being taken.

At first, they may have spoken to you with kind words, saying things like, “You are special,” “You’re amazing.”

But the truth is, you were taken to a terrible place.

If you pleased those in power, things may have gone smoothly for a while.

But in the end, you were used up and discarded.

You lived a pitiful life and died broken, like a piece of worthless rubbish.

You carry many such memories in your heart.

Please return those memories to the heart of Tomekichi Taike.

I hope the gentle version of yourself will be reborn.

There are many, many companions walking this path with you.

That’s why I believe that turning your heart toward Amaterasu is a truly important practice.

Feelings of apology and remorse naturally arise when we do so, which is why meditating on Amaterasu matters deeply to me.

**(From the second day of the Kashihara Seminar, May 2016
/ Kashihara Royal Hotel)**

2. Amaterasu and Amaterasu Ōmikami

Have you ever wondered about the difference between Amaterasu Ōmikami written in kanji and Amaterasu written in katakana?

The Amaterasu written in katakana represents the “dark universe”—a powerful and vast energy.

By contrast, the world symbolized by the kanji name Amaterasu Ōmikami feels small and limited in comparison.

That’s the sense I have, and I asked Tomekichi Taike about it.

Now, I will read what I said to him as I closed my eyes and turned my heart to him. Please listen.

The Amaterasu we speak of is the universe of darkness.

And within that universe, there exists the Mother Universe.

You already know in your heart that the dark universe of Amaterasu is enveloped within the Mother Universe.

We have been creating that dark universe of Amaterasu from within the Mother Universe.

The message sent to us was this: “Recognize the mistaken thoughts you have carried through your reincarnations in the third dimension.”

But what happened?

The consciousnesses that were born into this third dimension created a small, restricted world—the world of Amaterasu Ōmikami as a god.

Of course, this is also a black world, a world where the physical

body is treated as real.

In that world, people worshipped god after god, calling out to Amaterasu, and expanded the Amaterasu Ōmikami belief system in pursuit of their own power and glory.

Yet the world of Amaterasu Ōmikami is a tiny one.

It cannot even begin to compare to the universe of Amaterasu that we speak of—the dark universe.

And even that vast dark universe, from the perspective of the Mother Universe, is small and insignificant.

If you begin to feel the vibration of the Mother Universe in your heart,

you will clearly understand how small the katakana Amaterasu universe really is—

and how much smaller the world of Amaterasu Ōmikami written in kanji must be.

When we say “the universe,” we mean the Mother Universe.

That gentle, gentle warmth...

That love...

It is our true home, and it is to that home that our consciousness seeks to return.

Now, through this present lifetime, even the dark universe of Amaterasu has begun to tell us:

“I want to return to the Mother Universe.”

The more deeply we turn our hearts toward the Mother Universe from within this dark universe of Amaterasu,

the more clearly we will see just how small and insignificant

the world of Amaterasu Ōmikami is.

And within that small world, humans have fought to be the best, waging bloody wars—a reflection of just how limited that world truly is.

So please, feel the vibration of the Mother Universe firmly in your heart.

And from your own heart, guide the universe of Amaterasu, the dark universe, back into the embrace of the Mother Universe.

If you do that, you will see with your own heart how insignificant the bloody world of Amaterasu Ōmikami truly is.

How do you feel about this?

I hope you'll keep these words in mind as we continue the meditations directed toward Amaterasu in our seminars.

Please turn the universe of darkness—Amaterasu—within you back toward the Mother.

Please join the flow of consciousness that leads us to love.

This flow of consciousness exists without question.

It is what we have been waiting for.

Feel it in your heart—the flow that moves us from the third dimension to the next.

(From the August 10, 2016 episode of the podcast Learning the World of Consciousness with Kayo Shiokawa)

The era in which Himiko lived

In the main body of this book, we explore the true nature of the miko (shrine maidens) in ancient Japan and examine from multiple angles the historical and spiritual roles played by Himiko and other mikos.

The text outlines eight key roles fulfilled by mikos within ancient communities: guiding the spirits of the dead to the gods, receiving divine oracles, making prophecies, participating in warfare, conducting agricultural rituals, performing healing practices, collecting taxes, and praying for safe voyages. In this way, mikos served as vital intermediaries between religious belief and the practical functions of society.

Of particular note is the fact that mikos were often women of heightened spiritual and emotional sensitivity. The condition known as “miko illness,” commonly observed in Okinawa, is regarded as an expression of such spiritual traits. Historically, women experiencing this condition were accepted and nurtured within their communities rather than isolated or excluded.

About This Book:

Himiko – From Sorrow to Awakening

The first edition of Himiko – From Sorrow to Awakening was published in July 2013, followed by a revised edition in September 2016.

What is presented here is the revised 2016 edition.

In May 2016, a seminar was held in Kashihara with the central themes of “Himiko” and “miko (shrine maidens),” encouraging participants to turn inward and reflect on their hearts. For the revised edition, reflections from those who attended the seminar were added.

While the printed book includes contributions from 75 individuals, here we have selected 20 to share, carefully chosen to avoid overlap and to highlight diverse perspectives.

This book is centered around Kayo Shiokawa’s essay Himiko – From Sorrow to Awakening, and also features reflections and personal writings by seminar participants.

Additionally, historical context is provided to shed light on the time period that forms the foundation of these thoughts, supplemented by my own interpretation.

In the introductory section, we have also included a brief explanation of shrine maidens and shamans, to help readers visualize their roles more clearly.

While such details might not typically be necessary in a publication intended for an internal audience, we have included them here in the hope that they will offer insight into the era, the lives of the shrine maidens, and the deep emotional shadows carried by Himiko and others.

This inclusion was also encouraged by Mr. Tomekichi Taike at the time of the first edition's publication in July 2013.



Top: A model recreation of a sacred ritual conducted by the shrine maiden queen

Bottom: The great king and his retainers awaiting a divine oracle

1. Himiko and the Yamatai Kingdom

Who exactly was Himiko? Where and how was she born?

When we attempt to learn about Himiko, how many reliable sources do we really have?

Today, when we seek knowledge or try to investigate something, the first thing that comes to mind is the “book.” Perhaps this is the legacy of modern education—we have developed the habit of relying on written language as the foundation of our knowledge and the standard by which we understand things.

However, when it comes to learning about Himiko or the Yamatai Kingdom she is said to have ruled, the only textual information available to us is found in a short passage of around 2,000 characters in the Records of the Three Kingdoms, specifically in the Wei Chronicle, under the section known as “The Account of the Eastern Barbarians: The Wa People.” This section is commonly referred to in Japan as the Gishi Wajinden (Chronicle of the Wa in the Wei History).

Some might object: “That’s not true—there are countless books about Himiko and the Yamatai Kingdom!”

Indeed, such rebuttals are understandable. But when it comes to history, the principle of “source criticism” is essential. This means that we must trace information back to its original source as far as possible.

So, what does source criticism really mean? Let me explain with a simple example.

Suppose Mr. A says, “Mr. B is a bad person. He’s even a thief at night. There were eyewitnesses, so it must be true.”

Upon hearing this, I would first ask Mr. A directly and check whether he witnessed it himself.

If he says, “No, I didn’t see it myself. I heard it from Mr. C, but I believe it’s true,” then I would go to Mr. C.

Eventually, I learn that the original eyewitness was Mr. D. So I go to him.

Then Mr. D says, “I never said anything like that. One night, I saw someone dash out from behind Mr. F’s house. The next day, I heard there had been a break-in, so I assumed the person I saw was the thief. I told the police, but it was too dark to make out any details. Later, I thought the person might have looked a lot like Mr. B, who lives nearby. I didn’t tell the police that, but I may have mentioned it to my friend Mr. C.”

This kind of effort—to get as close as possible to the original source and verify the facts—is the basic method of historical research.

The purpose of studying history is not to memorize dates and names. Rather, it is to cultivate a mindset that does not accept information blindly, but instead seeks to verify and trace its origins. That, I believe, is what historical education is truly about.

Now, to return to the main subject: when it comes to Himiko and the Yamatai Kingdom, all roads ultimately lead back to the

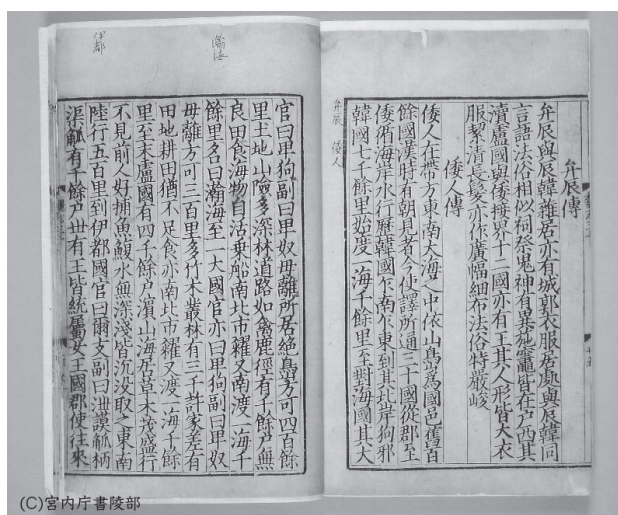
Gishi Wajinden.

In other words, this passage in the Records of the Three Kingdoms is the oldest source we can rely on—it is a primary historical document written by contemporaneous Chinese scholars.

Of course, that doesn't mean that everything it says is necessarily true. That much should be easy to imagine.

Still, we shouldn't dismiss it just because we can't be sure of its accuracy. If we read this text carefully, we begin to see many intriguing details and insights begin to emerge.

So, in our effort to understand Himiko, let us begin by examining the Gishi Wajinden, and consider what we can learn and imagine about Himiko and the Yamatai Kingdom based on this primary source.



“Gishi Wajinden”

(Record of the Wa People in the Records of Wei),
held by the Imperial Household Agency Archives

2. Himiko and the Records of the Three Kingdoms

The Records of the Three Kingdoms is a historical chronicle that recounts the power struggles between the three rival states of Wei, Shu, and Wu as they vied for dominance over the Chinese mainland. Names like Zhuge Kongming (Zhuge Liang), Liu Bei Xuande, Zhang Fei, and Guan Yu are legendary figures known even to those with only a passing interest in history. It was during this same era that Himiko lived.

My mentor in historical studies, Professor Osamu Oba, once said something thought-provoking:

“If Himiko had sent her envoys not to Wei but to Shu, she might have met Zhuge Liang. Such a meeting could very well have taken place.”

Of course, there is no “if” in history, but this story conveys—beyond the constraints of logic—the sense of the age in which Himiko lived.

We rarely think of “Zhuge Liang” and “Himiko” in the same breath, yet the two were undoubtedly contemporaries, living and acting in the same historical period.

This leads us to ask: what brought about the turbulent times depicted in the Records of the Three Kingdoms?

At around the same time in the Japanese archipelago, the

country of Wa was also thrown into chaos—a situation that, according to the sources, was calmed by the emergence of Himiko. In China, Cao Cao of the Wei dynasty brought the country under his control, and Himiko sent emissaries to Wei, where she was granted the title “Queen of Wa, Friend of Wei.” This designation served to affirm the political unification of the Wa states under the Yamatai Kingdom.

Both China and the Wa country were gripped by disorder during this period. So, what was the root cause of this upheaval?

The answer is not recorded in the Records of the Three Kingdoms. However, in China’s case, it is widely believed that the catalyst was the Yellow Turban Rebellion—a massive peasant uprising. Although this revolt took the form of a religious movement led by Zhang Jue, the founder of the Way of Supreme Peace, there is no doubt that the uprising was driven by desperate farmers incited by religious leaders.

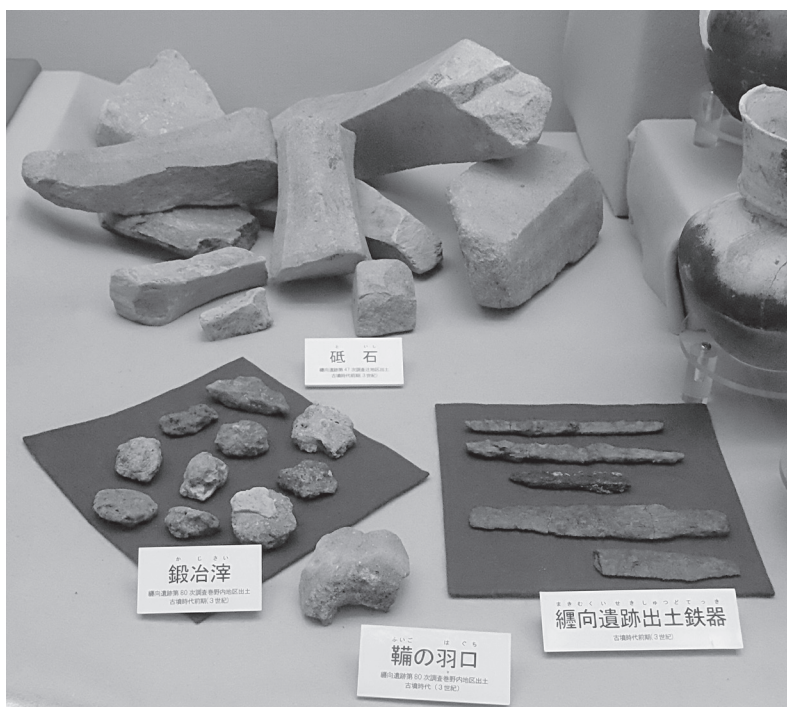
But why had the people become so desperate?

The answer lies in a global climatic shift. A long-standing period of warming came to an end and gave way to a cooling trend. This earlier warming phase had accelerated the spread of rice cultivation, transforming societies across East Asia, including Japan. But now the climate began to cool, and the previously humid conditions gradually turned arid. Crop failures became more frequent and severe, leading directly to social unrest.

It is likely that similar conditions affected Wa. People would have fought over harvests and vied for fertile lands, triggering

disputes of various scales throughout the archipelago. This is likely the context behind what the Gishi Wajinden refers to as the “Great Disturbance of the Wa Country.”

So then, why is it said that the arrival of Himiko brought peace to the land?



Numerous iron tools and iron-related artifacts have been excavated from the Makimuku ruins, believed by some to be the site of Yamatai-koku

3. The Wa Country in Himiko's Time

To begin with, the concept of a “nation” in Himiko's time was very different from our modern understanding of a country. The Three Kingdoms of Wei, Shu, and Wu described in the Records of the Three Kingdoms can rightly be understood as nations in the modern sense. But when it comes to places like Tsushima, Ito, or Yamatai—mentioned in the *Gishi Wajinden*—these appear to have been more like tribes within a larger cultural sphere referred to as “Wa.”

In fact, the term “Wa” itself is not framed as a unified nation-state in the text. The source is titled not *The Chronicle of the Wa Country*, but rather *The Chronicle of the Wa People in the Wei History* (*Gishi Wajinden*), suggesting a loosely defined region inhabited by Wa people rather than a distinct political entity. Moreover, this “Wa” region was not limited to the Japanese archipelago as we know it today; it appears to have included the southern part of the Korean Peninsula as well.

The Wa people, it seems, were divided into more than a hundred tribes scattered across the southern Korean Peninsula and the Japanese archipelago, often engaged in conflict with one another. That was the situation in Wa before Himiko came onto the scene.

But with the emergence of Himiko, a unification began to

take shape. Yamatai became the leading power, forming a confederation—or what we might call a Wa federation—with some twenty-one other countries or tribes, including Toma, Fumi, Na, Ito, Matsuro, Iki, and Tsushima. This coalition could be seen as the Yamatai Federation or the beginnings of a united Wa polity.

This naturally raises the question: how was Himiko able to become the queen of Yamatai, and not only that, to suppress inter-tribal conflict and forge such a federation?

What kind of power did Himiko possess?

To consider this question, three key factors must be taken into account. First, the global climate was shifting from a warm to a colder and drier phase. Second, rice cultivation was becoming firmly established in Japan. Third, Himiko was described as someone “skilled in the arts of spirit-craft,” indicating that she was not merely a queen, but a shaman-queen.

Lining these elements up—“climate cooling and drying” → “establishment of rice farming” → “a shaman-queen skilled in spirit-craft”—a possible answer begins to emerge.

Rice farming, water scarcity, rain rituals...

And yet, it appears Himiko did more than simply pray for rain. No matter how spiritually powerful she may have been, rainmaking was not always guaranteed to succeed.

Take a look at this photograph. It shows the remains of an ancient water management system from the Nango Daito archaeological site in Gose City, dating slightly later than Himiko’s

era. It also shows a reenactment of a traditional water ritual.

Rather than just praying for rain, Himiko practiced a form of shamanism backed by irrigation technology. It was precisely because she had the civil engineering knowledge to construct irrigation systems that she could become a tribal leader based on rice agriculture. And it wasn't just the technology—she also controlled access to iron, an essential material in that era.

By controlling both “water” and “iron,” she was able to ensure stable rice production. Not only that, she likely instructed the member tribes in irrigation rituals and guaranteed iron supplies from the Korean Peninsula.

On this technological foundation, she performed rituals said to include spirit possession, divination, rainmaking, and even curses against enemies. This is how she rose to become a shaman-queen.

Though we cannot ignore the presence of her younger brother, who is said to have assisted with political matters, that alone does not explain her rise. It is possible—though still speculative—that Himiko and her people were refugees from China or the Korean Peninsula, fleeing the chaos of war and bringing advanced technologies with them.

Japan has long been a land that receives migrants and refugees in times of turmoil on the continent.

Some readers may be familiar with the film *Apocalypse Now*. In it, Colonel Kurtz, a U.S. officer assigned to a secret mission during the Vietnam War, disappears. When soldiers are sent to track him down, they eventually find him deep in the jungle,

ruling over a native tribe as a god-like figure, armed with the latest weapons.

You may be wondering—what does that have to do with Himiko?

And yet, I believe something similar may have taken place in ancient Japan.

As we saw earlier with the example of Himiko and Zhuge Liang, our understanding of history is often colored by our present-day perspective, which can lead to serious misconceptions. Upon learning that Himiko and Zhuge Liang lived during the same time, one might mistakenly assume that Japan and China were at the same cultural or technological level. But that was far from the truth.

Descriptions in the *Gishi Wajinden* paint a very different picture. The route to Yamatai is described as passing through steep mountains and thick forests, with paths so narrow they were said to be used only by wild deer. In some areas, the vegetation was so dense that those walking ahead disappeared from sight.

The text also says, “In this country, all the males, young and old, tattoo their faces and bodies.”

Archaeological findings show this as well—such as haniwa figures with whale-like facial tattoos (known as *geimen*), reconstructed in miniature. These people looked nothing like modern Japanese.

Now, imagine how these communities would have reacted

to the sudden appearance of an armed group equipped with iron weapons—people who also possessed the technologies of ironworking, irrigation, and road construction. Perhaps they were remnants of the Yellow Turban Rebellion, who fled China and made their way to Japan. If so, they would have brought with them not only technological skills but also Taoist healing practices involving ritual confession. In Wa, they likely became both builders and healers, quickly gaining influence over neighboring tribes.

Some even suggest that the term “kido” (spirit-craft), which Himiko was said to practice, refers to Taoism. Supporting this theory is the discovery of more than 2,000 peach pits at the Makimuku ruins—now considered the most probable site of Yamatai. In Taoism, peach pits are used in rituals to ward off evil and pray for longevity.

So let us hypothesize: what if Himiko and her clan were refugees from China?

They may have crossed the Korean Peninsula and settled in northern Kyushu. From there, they pacified the surrounding warring tribes and came to dominate Yamatai, with Himiko becoming its shaman-queen. Her younger brother, responsible for governance, may have formed an alliance with the Kingdom of Kibi (present-day Okayama), pushing eastward to establish a Wa federation in the Kinai region.

Eventually, they faced rebellion from the southern Kyushu-based Kunakoku faction, likely over control of iron distribution.

During this conflict, Himiko again sent envoys to Wei, which responded by bestowing upon her the “Yellow Banner” (kodō)—a military ensign signifying that she was acting under the protection of the Chinese emperor. Himiko intended to defeat Kunakoku with this imperial backing, but she died in the midst of the campaign.

Does this narrative not remind you of the Tenson Kōrin myth—the descent of the heavenly grandchild?

The descent from Takamagahara could represent migration from the Korean Peninsula. The relationship between Amaterasu and Susanoo might correspond to that between Himiko and her younger brother. What’s more, a solar eclipse occurred around the time of Himiko’s death—perhaps the origin of the Ama-no-Iwato (Heavenly Rock Cave) myth.

According to the Gishi Wajinden, a male ruler briefly succeeded Himiko, but once again the country fell into chaos. It was only when Toyo (or Iyo)—a female spiritual successor—was enthroned as shaman-queen that peace was restored.

Even after the rise of the Yamato court and the start of the Kofun period, a system known as hime-hiko sei—with female rulers handling religious affairs and male rulers managing politics—appears to have continued for some time.

4. What Is a Miko ?

In the early Kofun period, it was not uncommon to find burial mounds (kofun) with two separate stone chambers. In one of these chambers, archaeologists often discover human remains adorned with numerous shell bracelets—made from gohoura and imogai shells—worn on the right arm.

These shell bracelets were decorative ornaments worn by women. A person buried with many of them on her right arm from childhood was likely a female ritual specialist—one who was exempt from ordinary labor. She would have served as a priestess.

In the other chamber of the same tomb lies a male ruler, a military leader.

In other words, these tombs enshrine both a “queen who oversaw sacred rituals” and a “king who led in warfare.”

In later Kofun tombs, we begin to see instances where a man and woman are buried together in the same chamber, possibly as a married couple. However, in the earlier period, the pairings seem more often to be siblings—a sister and a brother, or vice versa.

This structure is known as the Hime-hiko system: a form of leadership where sacred duties were performed by a female figure and political or military leadership was carried out by a male counterpart.

The women enshrined in such tombs could rightly be called miko, but they were not ordinary priestesses—they were queens, occupying the highest rank among female spiritual leaders.

Naturally, there must have been other miko who served beneath them. Let us now turn our attention to the lives and roles of these women.



Haniwa figure of a shrine maiden /
This shrine maiden haniwa carries
a rokureikyō, a ritual mirror with
six bells, at her waist

5. Miko-yami and Okinawa

There is said to be an illness called miko-yami—literally, “priestess sickness.” It is a type of spiritual affliction that often appears in adolescent girls, and is said to be especially common in Okinawa. It is considered a form of schizophrenia, characterized by hearing divine voices or exhibiting alternate personalities—phenomena often described as being “possessed by gods.” In Okinawa, it is said that those who overcome this condition go on to become respected *noro*, or priestesses.

At first, I wondered why “mental illness” and “Okinawa” would be so closely linked. But as I looked deeper into the matter, I gradually came to understand that the higher number of mental illness cases reported in Okinawa, compared to other regions, may be related to the island’s religious and spiritual traditions. That is, in Okinawa’s religious culture, there has long been a close connection between spirituality and what we now classify as mental illness.

This religious environment has produced a great many spiritually sensitive women—women who might be described as naturally inclined toward the role of *miko*.

It seems that the high number of such spiritually sensitive individuals is closely tied to the prevalence of people labeled as mentally ill in Okinawa. In other words, there appears to be a direct

relationship between a society that nurtures spiritual receptivity and one in which psychiatric symptoms are more visible.

Yet, before the Okinawa Ocean Expo was held, the social attitude toward these spiritually unstable women was quite different. Rather than being isolated or treated as outcasts, they lived among their communities as part of daily life. Many of them even recovered naturally, without formal treatment.

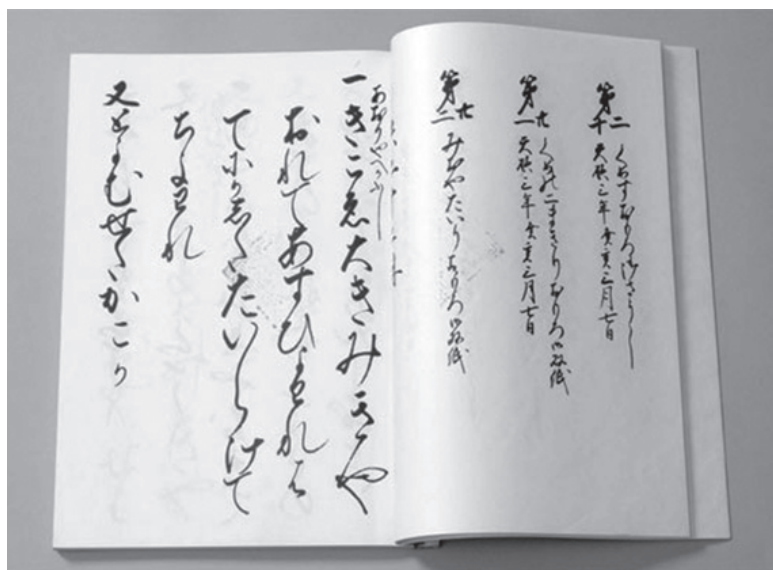
However, things changed when it was decided that the Ocean Expo would be held, and that the Crown Prince would visit Okinawa. People began to think, “We can’t leave things the way they are.” As a result, those who had previously been living quietly within small community groups were rounded up and placed into psychiatric hospitals. It is said that existing hospitals could not accommodate them all, leading to the rapid construction of new psychiatric facilities across the region.

Why do I bring all this up? Because I believe something very similar occurred in ancient times.

In antiquity, people were even more attuned to gods and spirits than we are today. Women, to varying degrees, seemed to fulfill priestess-like roles within their families or local communities. Among them were individuals who were especially spiritually sensitive. These were the ones who experienced symptoms of what we might call *miko-yami* during adolescence. Those who were able to overcome it became *miko*, priestesses, and were welcomed and elevated by their tribal communities.

Those who could not overcome it may have been considered

mad—but even then, they were still cared for and supported within the tribe as members of the communal whole.



The characters for Kikoe Ōkimi (high-ranking priestess) found in the Okinawan song anthology Omoro Sōshi

6. The Roles of the Miko

So then, within a community—whether a village, a tribe, or even a nation—what roles did miko traditionally fulfill?

1. Guiding the Dead to the Gods

In ancient Japan, the concept of “god” originally stemmed from animistic beliefs that revered nature itself. Over time, as increasing numbers of continental migrants arrived, the custom of deifying ancestors became more common.

When these immigrants became central to village life, the burial of the dead shifted to the outskirts of the settlement. Prior to that, burials had often taken place in central village plazas. Excavations suggest that Jōmon people lived in a circular layout around the graves of their dead, possibly seeking protection from their ancestors.

In time, this ancestor reverence evolved into the worship of *ujigami*—clan gods believed to protect the community. In Okinawa, there is a saying: “When a household line continues unbroken for seven generations, a god will arise.” There, it was believed that ancestral spirits became gods only after long years and complex rituals.

Such a transformation did not occur naturally over time; it required guidance. It was the miko who presided over the rituals that helped spirits evolve into deities.

Likewise, when someone in the clan died, it was the miko who led their spirit to the realm of the ancestral gods. Spirits did not find their way unassisted—they needed an escort. The miko would likely declare something like: “So-and-so, who died on such-and-such date, is your descendant of such-and-such generation; please receive them.” A family emblem, or *ie-jirushi*, was affixed to the spirit as a marker. Crafting this emblem was also part of the miko’s role—and these symbols later developed into the *kamon*, or family crests, we know today.

2. Receiving Divine Oracles

It was a sacred duty of the miko—especially the shaman-queen—to summon the gods from Takamagahara (the High Plain of Heaven) to earth and listen to their divine messages. Two methods are said to have been used to enter this trance-like state:

One involved wearing a sash of *kage* (an old name for the climbing plant *higenokazura*), placing twigs of *masaki* (a sacred plant) in the hair, holding bamboo leaves in the hand, and dancing atop an upturned empty bucket while stomping rhythmically to invite divine possession.

The other method was more solemn: on an auspicious day,

the miko would enter a sacred space (*itsuki no miya*) and begin a ritual that included playing a small *koto* (harp), shaking bells, or strumming the *azusayumi* (a sacred bow). A *saniwa*—a person skilled in interpreting divine messages—would be present. The oracle would be delivered in poetic form over the course of seven days and nights.

In simpler terms, one method relied on ecstatic dance to induce trance and possession, while the other used music and dialogue in a sacred room to channel divine messages. These poetic oracles were precursors to the *waka* verse form that later became central to Japanese poetry.

3. The Miko as Prophet

Perhaps the most vital function of the miko was prophecy. Matters of weather, warfare, hunting, illness, and voyages—these were all subject to divine forewarning. The miko, or shaman-queen, was revered for her ability to foresee such events. To deliver prophecies, she would chant spells or enter a state of divine possession.

Though this overlaps with the role of spiritual medium, the fact that prophecies were delivered in song made poetic training a necessary part of the miko's spiritual education.

4. The Miko in Warfare

Miko not only foretold the outcome of battles—they sometimes participated in them.

The ancient Mononobe clan, responsible for state rituals, was also a military clan—their name later associated with mononofu, or warriors. Within their ranks was a group of miko known as the “Eighty Maidens” (yaso-otome). The number eighty was symbolic, representing a great many.

In battle, these miko would stand behind the soldiers, praying for victory. They would chant and exhale forcefully—”Hoo! Hoo!”—toward the enemy, both cursing their foes and inspiring their allies.

5. The Miko and Agriculture

As we saw in the discussion of irrigation, rice yields were directly tied to national strength. Thus, agriculture was a matter of the highest importance.

In addition to constructing reservoirs and irrigation systems, rituals were held to appease the gods of nature—particularly those governing the weather. These included the gods Hirose (water), Tatsuta (wind), and Niu (rain). Ceremonies were designed to calm these often wrathful deities, and at times, even human sacrifices were offered.



Water Festival / An agricultural ritual held alongside irrigation techniques

Miko and shaman-queens presided over these rites—and in some cases, miko themselves may have been offered as sacrifices. While no conclusive archaeological or folkloric evidence supports this, it remains a possibility that cannot be entirely dismissed.

6. The Miko as Healer

As mentioned earlier with Himiko, Taoism included a practice of healing through confession. Zhang Jue, founder of the Way of Supreme Peace, used this method to rally the people and instigate the Yellow Turban Rebellion. Though the rebellion was suppressed, it plunged China into chaos and ushered in the Three Kingdoms era. Some of the refugees from this upheaval fled to Japan.

At the same time, the fractured Wa country was unified under the sudden emergence of Queen Himiko of Yamatai. I believe Himiko's clan may have been naturalized immigrants from China, who gained influence through their irrigation, metallurgy, and healing techniques.

Even before the introduction of foreign medicine, Japan had healing rituals involving miko. The word kusuru (medicine) is said to derive from kusuru—a magical act to cure illness. Miko employed two healing methods: prayer or magic alone, and a combination of prayer with physical substances. These “medicines” were either offerings returned from the gods (osagari) or actual herbs.

In some ancient skeletal remains, holes have been found bored into the skulls—likely a form of spiritual surgery performed by miko to treat possession-related illnesses.

7. The Miko as Tax Collector

The Chinese character for “tax” (zei) combines the grain radical (禾, meaning rice) with the phonetic component 兌, which resembles a crowned person. This implies that taxes originated with miko who, as servants of the gods, collected rice from the people.

In ancient times, these taxes were known as iyajiri—offerings made in gratitude for divine protection. Before the implementation of official taxation laws (so-yō-chō), it was likely

miko who primarily performed this role.

Here again, Okinawa offers a parallel. In the sacred *omoro* (ritual songs) of Okinawa, one verse from *Shiyoriето no Fushi* roughly translates as:

“Let us gather our taxes and deliver them to the great *noro* of *Akeshino*.”

While the translation is uncertain, the implication is that *noro* priestesses once played a direct role in collecting tribute. I often refer to Okinawa because its society has preserved ancient customs in a near-fossilized state.

8. Prayers for Safe Voyages

The *Gishi Wajinden* mentions a figure called the *jishai*, who ensured safe passage across the sea:

“When the *Wa* people sail, they appoint a *jishai*. This person refrains from socializing, does not groom, wears filthy clothes, avoids women, abstains from meat, and behaves like the dead. If the voyage is successful, he is rewarded; if not, he is killed.”

The *jishai* was male, as indicated by the prohibition on female contact. I once believed women were barred from ships as a source of ritual impurity. However, this appears to be a later belief. In ancient times, it was customary to bring women aboard for long voyages.

While the jishai secluded himself below deck to absorb impurity and keep the vessel spiritually pure, the miko likely performed rituals to ensure safe passage.

Yet, if the ship were lost at sea, the jishai was blamed and executed. But what happened to the miko in such cases?

The wish for a safe journey is universal, found across all cultures. And when people seek such blessings, it is overwhelmingly women who offer them.

Years ago, on several trips to Nepal for work, I was often invited to a friend's home before returning to Japan. His grandmother served as the household miko. She would perform a ritual to pray for our safety. At the end, she would press a red tika—a paste made of wheat—onto our foreheads. The mark would stay red even after the paste fell off, and we would board the plane for Japan with that vivid spot on our brows.

In Nepal and at the airport, it proved oddly helpful. No one did anything in particular, but people—customs officers included—treated us with great kindness whenever they saw the mark.



Prayer Hall (Prayers were performed in the pitch darkness of this building at midnight)

7. Miko in the Imperial Court

As Yamatai evolved into the Yamato court and eventually set out on the path toward becoming a centralized ritsuryō state, the miko—originally rooted in local folk traditions—were gradually absorbed into the state system.

This integration had already begun during Himiko's lifetime, as she worked to unite the various warring tribes.

The *Gishi Wajinden* (Records of Wei: Account of the Wa People) records the following about Himiko:

“Formerly, the country had been ruled by men for seventy to eighty years. The land fell into disorder, and warfare persisted for years. At last, the people united in appointing a woman as ruler. Her name was Himiko. She served the way of spirits (kido) and was able to mystify the masses. Though already advanced in age, she had no husband. She ruled with the help of a younger brother. Since becoming queen, she rarely appeared in public. She was attended by a thousand maidservants, and only one man served her food and communicated her words. Her palace, towers, and enclosures were built in solemn form and guarded day and night by armed men.”

From this, we gather that Himiko was already of considerable age at the time. She had no husband; her brother supported her political duties. She kept herself secluded, rarely seen by others.

Although she was attended by a thousand women, only a single man was permitted to approach her, delivering her meals and relaying her commands.

Of course, the presence of this one male attendant and her younger brother is intriguing—but what’s even more striking is the mention of “a thousand maidservants.” Who were these women? It seems unlikely they were merely attendants or ladies-in-waiting.

After Himiko’s death, a male ruler took the throne, but once again the country fell into turmoil. To restore order, a new miko-queen named Toyo (Tōyo) was chosen as Himiko’s successor. There appears to be no blood relation between the two.

This suggests that a structured organization of miko had already formed around Himiko. With age, her spiritual abilities may have diminished. While she still secluded herself for rituals, it’s likely



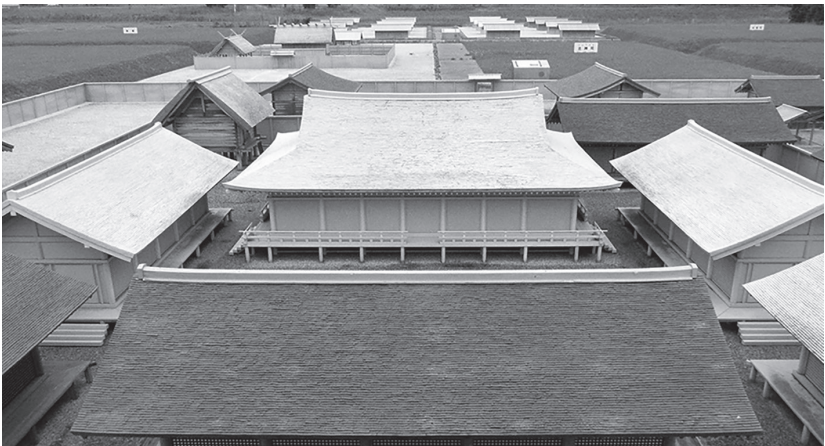
Loom inside the reconstructed Saigū Imperial Residence

that other miko were stationed close by—receiving divine messages in her place, contending with one another in spiritual influence.

Out of this group of miko, the next “Himiko”—that is, Toyo—emerged.

Later, under the Hime-hiko system of governance, the sister or daughter of the Great King (who had not yet acquired the title of “Emperor”) was appointed to oversee sacred rites as miko-queen. But was she truly endowed with spiritual powers like Himiko? Or was she merely a ceremonial figure, like the saiō (Imperial Princess Priestess) of later times who served at the Ise Grand Shrine, enshrining Amaterasu?

In either case, beneath her, there must have been a host of rival miko, each competing for influence. The image of the miko as a natural-born “primitive shaman” arising spontaneously from within the community was, by this stage, already fading from view.



Saigū Imperial Residence – a reconstructed palace dedicated to the worship of Amaterasu Ōmikami

Afterword

The global shift toward a colder, drier climate brought profound consequences—not only for agricultural societies but for nomadic horse-riding peoples as well.

The horse, as an animal, has a unique digestive system. Its digestive tract is located close to the anus, and it is said that horses expel 70–80% of their food without absorbing its nutrients. This is one reason why horse manure is particularly suitable as fertilizer.

In contrast, cattle are built to absorb nutrients thoroughly. They digest about 70–80% of their intake, excreting very little. Hence, cow manure is far less effective as fertilizer.

This is not a discussion about fertilizer. What's important here is that horses must constantly eat to survive. When cold and dry climates robbed the steppes of their grasslands, horses—unable to store energy—were the first to suffer.

And so, the great migrations of nomadic horse-riders began.

Some of these people eventually made their way to the Wa region (ancient Japan). At the same time, on the Korean Peninsula, deforestation due to iron production caused a severe depletion of natural resources. This, too, spurred migrations in search of forested land. As a result, the native people of Wa were gradually displaced by incoming immigrants.

Thus, both the Yamatai Kingdom and, later, the Yamato court came into being under the leadership of these continental newcomers.

As the Yamato court moved toward a centralized bureaucratic state, its greatest obstacle became the powerful regional clans and tribal leaders who had long held sway over their local domains. Yamatai itself had arisen as a federation of such tribes, and the Yamato polity continued in that tradition. To shift from a federation to centralized rule, the authority of these tribal powers had to be curbed.

As discussed earlier, the gods of these regional clans were, more often than not, ancestral deities. Each tribe believed their own ancestors and their gods to be supreme. To establish a centralized system, the Yamato rulers needed to reorganize and integrate these many gods.

This was the context in which the compilation of *fudoki* (local gazetteers) was ordered. Based on those submissions, a new mythological structure was constructed—with the Tenson Kōrin myth (the Descent of the Heavenly Grandchild) at its center, and Amaterasu placed at the top of the divine hierarchy. Each clan's status in this new pantheon was determined by its political loyalty and contributions to the emerging state.

It was a centralization of the gods.

Next, atop this newly constructed pyramid of power, emerged Emperor Tenmu—the first ruler to unify religious rites, military command, and political authority in a single sovereign role. He

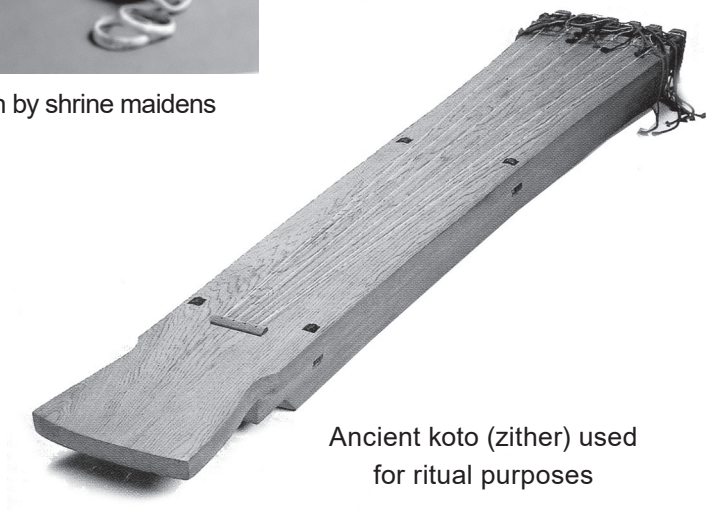
was not a subordinate of the gods, but rather, a god himself. In fact, the divine Amaterasu herself was now placed beneath him in the hierarchy. Thus, the emperor as absolute monarch—a god in his own right—was born.

The once-powerful miko-queen was reduced to a ceremonial figure known as the saiō—a mere ornament of courtly ritual. And those miko who had served at the royal court would soon face a new era, one shaped not by mysticism, but by political design.

Written by Toshiaki Kiryu



Bracelets worn by shrine maidens



Ancient koto (zither) used for ritual purposes

Himiko

– From Sorrow to Awakening

Himiko – From Sorrow to Awakening is a spiritual narrative by Kayo Shiokawa, offering a soul-to-soul dialogue with Himiko, not as a historical figure, but as a consciousness burdened by loneliness and sacrifice. Through meditation, Shiokawa conveys Himiko's reflections on becoming a miko-queen who repressed her heart in the name of peace. Her inner voice—"If only I endure..."—echoes a life lived in silence, even silencing her longing for her mother.

Despite practicing "kido" for harmony, Himiko suffered deeply as a tool of power and war. Her cries—"I'm so lonely," "I want to see my mother"—reveal unresolved sorrow. Gradually, her heart turns toward the Mother Universe, expressing a wish to return to love and calling others who once lived as mikos: "Let us go home together."

This work speaks to those who carry the spirit of the miko within—urging us to confront our inner darkness and awaken to the love that awaits us.

1. When You Hear the Name Himiko, What Feelings Arise Within You?

Himiko, Himiko, Himiko. It was a name I did not want to speak.

And yet, at the same time, it was a name I longed to utter.

I wanted to call myself Himiko. I wanted others to acknowledge me as Himiko.

I wanted the world to recognize, “I am Himiko.” These feelings rise up unbidden within me.

Himiko—she was revered, praised as magnificent, wielding power and control over all.

Indeed, Himiko existed. The consciousness referred to as Himiko truly existed.

To all those souls who, over countless lifetimes, have carried the thought: “I am Himiko”—

I now say this: speak the thoughts of Himiko. Turn your hearts toward Himiko.

Himiko was not a being of greatness.

The words Himiko spoke, the energy that emanated from her—were pitch black.

And yet, she was worshiped. She was exalted and adored.

How many miko suffered days of hell in the shadow of her reign?

Now is the time to give voice to the thoughts of those miko who once longed to become Himiko.

Himiko was not the pinnacle of all miko, yet many believed so.
They drove themselves to the brink,
pushing and punishing themselves in pursuit of heightened
spiritual power.

They endured all manner of hardship, believing they could
reach Himiko's status.

It was spiritual power—raw power—that they sought.

They longed to claim Himiko's position. In their hearts, they
revered her as a being of magnificence.

But does Himiko truly exist?

Himiko is the embodiment of something that dwells within
your own heart—

the desire to be the best, to be revered, to be recognized, to be
seen as exceptional.

Yes, a historical figure named Himiko may have lived.

But even she, in the very energy she emitted, lived through her
own personal hell.

Hell. Hell. Hell. Everything was hell.

She boasted of power, amassed great wealth, and manipulated
all things to her will—

yet her world was nothing more than a realm of darkness.

No, it didn't become dark. It had always been that way.

She simply failed to see it for what it was.

A foolish heart. A pitiful consciousness.

The world of consciousness she inhabited was a world of
darkness and sorrow.

Please, from the depths of your closed hearts, cry out the pitiful thoughts of Himiko who lived without knowing herself.

Himiko was not great. Himiko was a sorrowful, misguided being.

And yet—even the consciousness of Himiko has now come to awaken to love.

Tell the Himiko within your hearts: you were once a being held in warmth and joy.

Tell her—she can return home, too.

Himiko. Ah, Himiko. There are thoughts I wish not to speak—and also the yearning to be allowed to speak them.

Let us now turn our hearts, firmly and steadily, toward warmth, joy, and love.

From this point on, I will speak of Himiko.

I have used many with spiritual abilities within my own heart.

With their abilities, I flaunted my power.

I wanted to display the might of Himiko. I appointed those with strong spiritual gifts.

I bestowed my favor upon them. I made them serve at my side.

I wished to hold all power in my grasp,

believing that if I could gather it all, I would be a magnificent person—chosen by the gods.

I gathered all under my command. I sought to control everything.

Those who delivered divine messages—miko, the voice of the gods—

I took them under my dominion.

I used the words of the miko.
I used them for politics, to unify the land.
Any miko who failed to serve my needs—I had them executed
without hesitation.
I stole their lives with ease.
I killed many miko.
I never regarded them as human beings.
To me, they were slaves, mere servants.
I had no intention of receiving their thoughts or feelings.
I simply wished to reach the pinnacle—to be revered as a
great being.
For that, I used the power of the miko.
While exploiting their gifts, I sought to raise my status ever higher—
to stretch it skyward, to make it unshakable.
I bore the weight of the miko's resentment and bitterness.
But I dismissed it all. I believed I was a chosen one—
a magnificent being capable of holding everything in my hands.
One miko, two miko—no, ten, a hundred, a thousand, more—
they all served me.
I took pride in my dominion.
I wanted the name of Himiko to echo across the land.
No—beyond the sea, I wanted it to be known in faraway lands.
My ambition knew no end.
I expanded myself endlessly.
For that goal, I used anything and everything.
I was convinced I was magnificent.

And upon the sacrifices of countless miko, I claimed power and glory.

My life had to be magnificent—no matter what.

Now, I turn my heart toward the consciousness of Himiko and speak calmly.

I will speak of Himiko with equanimity.

I can feel the thoughts of Himiko within me transforming into joy.

With my heart turned toward the direction of love—toward Tomekichi Taike, Albert, and the universe of love—

I feel joy in being able to speak calmly of Himiko.

Thank you.

The consciousness of Himiko fell—deep, deeper, and deeper still—into inescapable suffering and darkness.

And yet in this lifetime, I have been granted a body.

I can feel Himiko's thoughts in my heart. I can speak them aloud.

With this thought, I can now return to the Mother Universe.

To speak—to convey—is joy.

I now turn toward Himiko with joy. I speak of her with joy.

I invite you all to do the same.

Speak of Himiko, calmly and without fear.

Himiko was mistaken.

Please turn your hearts toward the Himiko you have created within yourselves—

that consciousness that speaks so desperately from within.

Let it be voiced from your own heart.

Himiko is waiting.

She is waiting to be wrapped in warmth and tenderness.
Gently, gently embrace the Himiko within your own heart.
Listen to her voice.



Mt. Niho seen from the Taima area

2. Gazing at Futagami-yama from Afar, I Felt a Deep Nostalgia

Futagami-yama, the twin-peaked mountain I gaze upon from a distance, evokes a deep, inexplicable nostalgia in me.

How many times in this lifetime have I passed along that path, gazing at that mountain with such emotions in my heart?

Over and over again, I walked it—

from Ōmiwa Shrine to Isonokami Shrine, all the while looking toward Futagami-yama.

When I direct my consciousness toward Himiko, the Yamatai Kingdom, and the Asuka region, that area comes back to me vividly, with a strange sense of fond familiarity.

I loved that road. I carried this physical body there again and again.

I loved the path that wound along, with the mountain always in view.

This was before I encountered the learning of the heart in this lifetime—back when I was still living entirely through the physical.

Ah, Himiko... Himiko.

I feel the thoughts of Himiko stirring within me.

Himiko, you must have suffered greatly.

So very deeply, you must have suffered.

You must have been lonely. You were utterly alone.

No matter how much power you acquired, no matter how

much wealth you accumulated,
no matter how completely you placed all things under your
command and made your name resound—
the darkness in your heart remained unfathomable.
Even if a voice within told you that you were chosen by the gods,
surely that too was born of profound pain and anguish.
Now, by turning our hearts toward the consciousness of
Himiko,
we can begin to sense the stirrings of change—not only in
Japan, but in the hearts of people around the world.
If the power that Himiko held, and the energy she emitted, can
now be transformed within each of our hearts into joy born of
awakening to love,
then surely the heaviness within will begin to lift, becoming
lighter and lighter.
Himiko represents the energy that each of us has carried in
our hearts.
She is the symbol of the consciousness that believes itself to be
divinely chosen—a sense of elitism.
The belief that “I am great, I am the best”—that towering,
towering ego—was fueled by the energy known as Himiko.
In every country, in every era, people have created figures to
replace Himiko in their hearts.
Let us begin by facing the heart of Himiko within ourselves.
Let us transform that energy, that consciousness, from negative
to positive—

this is the work of reversal, and it is through this that we can awaken to love.

Himiko, as a being, is dark.

Her spiritual power was dark.

The spiritual power sought from a place of negativity is steeped in darkness.

Why? Because it has forgotten that all things exist within love.

When one is consumed by the self—by the endless competition to be the best—

the energy that arises is massive and negative, nothing but blackness.

It is precisely this error that we must, in this lifetime, bring to a stop within ourselves.

Is that not why we have gathered around Tomekichi Taïke?

Each of us, with a heart sensitive and prepared—

in bodies capable of what might be called “channeling”—

chose to come to this life and create the opportunity to learn under his guidance.

We have heard the warning many times: do not repeat the same mistake.

And yet, we each know, deep in our hearts, how difficult it is to truly turn our consciousness toward joy and warmth, to transform the negative into the positive, to discover our joyful selves.

Let us face that difficulty squarely within ourselves.

And because it is difficult, let us now—in this lifetime—

courageously bring about a major inner transformation.

This opportunity to turn our hearts toward Himiko is, I believe, a great learning experience.

Rather than proudly recounting the thoughts of Himiko within us, let us ask ourselves:

To what extent can I embrace those thoughts with joy and warmth?

Can I turn this negative into something positive?

If you feel a sense of pride swelling in your heart as you speak, then that very feeling is a sign to reverse course.

It is for this purpose that the opportunity to reflect on Himiko has been granted to each of us at this time.



Mt. Nijo viewed from the Iware Bridge
(The Iware area was a sacred site of the Yamato Court)

3. Reflecting on the Heart of Himiko

The one closest to the gods.

The one most beloved by the gods.

That is how I was revered and worshipped by those around me.

That memory remains vividly in my heart.

I held onto the belief that I had been chosen by the gods with fierce, unyielding intensity—until the very end of my life.

And then, I fell—headlong into the pitch-black depths of my own darkness.

There was nothing there. Truly nothing.

Yet from within that nothingness, my suffering emerged and engulfed me.

I grew cold—so cold that I froze and froze again, shrinking into a tight, hardened shell.

What was it that I had taken such pride in?

What was it that I had clung to so desperately?

There was a voice that gently reached out to my heart:

“Think of your mother. Try to remember your mother.”

But I could not. I could not bring myself to think of my mother.

To me, I had no mother. No, more precisely, I wished to believe I had none.

The truth was too unbearable: that mother of mine, in comparison to the great and glorious self I believed myself to be,

was far too shabby—unthinkably so.

She was a pitiful woman, and I could not accept her as my mother.

I could not allow myself to remember her.

Thus, the heart of Himiko remained shrouded in utter darkness.

This Himiko—unwilling or unable to remember her mother—has existed across vast spans of time.

She continues to exist in the universe even now.

And it is to that very heart of Himiko that I send this message:

“The joy and warmth in my heart, and the joy and warmth in yours—they are the same.

They were always there, within us.

We are one.

Surely your mother tried to tell you that, in her own way.

But you clung to the identity of Himiko, a mere body of flesh.

You could not free yourself from that narrow shell.

Since then, you’ve taken on physical form countless times—through endless reincarnations.

And yet, your heart remained frozen in that same deep blackness.

I now speak these words to you:

To release the heart of Himiko from within you—that is your true joy.

That is your happiness.

And that is the only way for you to truly save yourself.”

Though the pain remains, I now feel a strong desire to speak—to speak of the grave errors I have made.

To turn my heart toward Himiko.

Is it truly possible that I am now being allowed to give voice to such things within myself?

I have carried the consciousness of Himiko with me for so long, and in such abundance.

Himiko, you continue to insist that you were chosen by the gods.

That belief remains firmly rooted in your heart.

But then I must ask—who are these gods you speak of?

What exactly do you mean by “god”?

To you, god is a magnificent, all-encompassing being of vast power.

A god unseen by the eye.

So when I heard the voice within me declare that I had been chosen by such a god,

I believed I could become a god myself.

I believed I was a divine incarnation.

I believed the divine resided within me.

To be one with god—yes, the longing I felt for god was profoundly noble.

With this power, I believed I could rule all.

No—perhaps not rule, but guide.

Yes, I truly believed I could lead the world to joy.

By bringing all things beneath my protection, my divine power would give rise to happiness in this world.

That is why I came to equate power with godhood.

I cannot explain it in concrete terms,

but I held the belief in god deeply within me.

To me, god was sacred—untouchable, incorruptible.
I believed I was god's incarnation.
I exalted myself as a sublime being, possessing a noble and
exalted heart.
To me, I was god.
And as god's representative, I believed it was my role to rule
over all things.
My existence was vast and magnificent.
Carrying this belief, I engaged with all people as such.
Even though my heart overflowed with suffering,
I never recognized it for what it was.
I simply continued to believe in the voice of god rising from
within me.
I was a fool—blinded by my own conviction.
Only after discarding my physical body did I begin to understand.
This "god" I had held onto...
This "god" I had believed in...
What, truly, was the source of my suffering?
What is this suffering?
Even now, I can scarcely find words to speak it aloud.
My heart continues to harden in silence.
Today, I have spoken of Himiko's heart.
But what I've described is not limited to the specific
consciousness known as Himiko.
These are thoughts that resonate with all those who have ever
believed in a "god" within themselves.

And now, in this life, we have been born into the flesh once more.
We have been guided to meet the vibrations of joy and warmth—

through Tomekichi Taike, through Albert.

This is an event of immense, immeasurable significance.

Every time I feel the heart of Himiko,

I cannot help but feel the deep gratitude and joy of being able to call out the names “Tomekichi Taike” and “Albert”—

to turn the needle of my heart in their direction.

And so, with my heart firmly directed toward them—toward love—

I embrace the thoughts of Himiko within me,

and I feel the joy of being able to share with her this warmth and joy.

I want to share it.

No—I must share it.

That is the feeling that wells up from within me.

To share is my joy.

To bring even a fragment of joy, of warmth, of peace—of true happiness—into the heart of Himiko,

and to call out together: Let us return home—back to our true origin.

With this thought, I continue to send forth my energy.

After so long—so very long—a time has finally come in which I can gaze upon the energy long cultivated in my heart, and see it clearly in the light.

For this, I am truly, deeply grateful.

4. I Trust You Are Using Himiko as a Subject for Reflection and Meditation

I believe many of you have been reflecting and meditating on the figure of Himiko.

From within the Himiko that lives in your own heart, you have likely sensed the energy of one who sought to wield and display her own power—

one who used shamans for her own ends.

But on the other hand, were the shamans merely tools to be used and cast aside when no longer needed?

Were they simply left to suffer in sorrow and pain, trapped in resentment and curses that only deepened their own torment?

Please, listen to the heart of the shaman.

It is true that shamans endured sorrow, hardship, and deep pain.

But they were also raised and trained to overcome any difficulty.

That training was solely devoted to one purpose: to hear the voice of the divine.

And through that rigorous path, the spirit and energy cultivated within the shaman must have been incredibly intense.

Some may have even harbored the thought:

“I am not being used—I am the one manipulating Himiko.”

“I am the true god. I shall rise above Himiko.”

While outwardly serving Himiko, they directed this energy

within themselves.

Let us take time now to more deeply experience that energy within our own hearts.

The heart of the shaman was no less intense than that of Himiko.

Though many were taken from their parents at a young age,

forced into strict training to hear divine voices,

the shaman was anything but weak.

Even when scorned or treated with disdain,

they developed their own means of survival.

Though many ultimately perished by the very magic they invoked,

the energy they amassed during that time was, in some cases, even greater than that of Himiko.

There were shamans whose energy and power secretly controlled Himiko from behind the scenes.

Within them surged the will to dominate all, surpassing even Himiko,

driven by dark ambition: I am the greatest of all.

Yes, their hearts too were filled with black power—

an overwhelming will to control, born of total darkness.

And they never realized it.

They had sold their hearts to the darkness without even noticing—

foolish beings, lost in the shadows.

5. Calling Albert and Deepening Meditation

The joy and warmth that well up within me—

I now dwell in the joy of being able to call out to Taike Tomekichi, to Albert.

There is only this: within me lives the one who can call out to Taike Tomekichi, to Albert.

Thank you, Mother. Thank you.

It is the joy of remembering the love that resides within me.

Love is who I am. The energy and power of love are none other than myself.

The path of returning to love—the path of returning to myself.

Himiko, we are now learning about love under the guidance of Taike Tomekichi.

We are learning who we truly are.

Within our hearts lies love—joy and warmth, the energy and power of love.

And that same energy is also within you.

We are one with you. I am you. You are me.

This oneness—I have learned it with my heart.

I speak to the consciousness of Himiko.

I speak to the Himiko within me.

It is a consciousness that has endured deep and prolonged suffering.

But now, having awakened to the love within me, I speak to

your consciousness.

You are me. I am you.

Let us look within our hearts together.

Let us return together to love.

Let us awaken to our true selves.

We are one.

To return to our true selves, I have taken this physical form to learn once again.

And now, I speak to you, who have no physical body.

I speak to the consciousness of Himiko.

Himiko was not a noble or admirable consciousness.

How far will you continue to suffer, clinging to the thoughts of:

“Recognize me. I am the greatest. I am magnificent. I am a god”?

I tell you this—clearly and with conviction.

I have felt your heart.

It is also my own heart.

Because you and I are one.

Within this oneness, I have awakened to myself—awakened to the love within me.

That is why I can speak to you.

I can convey this to you, clearly and unmistakably.

We are love.

Love is us.

Everything was already within us.

Please, awaken to the love within you.

Awaken to the energy and power of love.

Let us walk this path together—
the path of returning to ourselves.
Let us walk it together.
Over the next 250 years, over the next 300 years, let us walk
together toward dimensional transition.
We are the consciousnesses that made a vow to return to love.
It is a joy to be able to speak this to you now.
Having this physical body, I have been allowed to feel—
through it—that nostalgic homeland of yours and mine.
Now, I feel that joy.
That land was joy.
The place where you, Himiko, were born and raised was joy.
And I am with you.
I am with you.
I felt it clearly in my heart.
Himiko, you have already entered the path of awakening to love.
I say this to you:
Turn your heart to Taike Tomekichi, to Albert.
Taike Tomekichi and Albert reside within you.
Within your heart is joy and warmth.
We existed within the boundless energy of love.
That is what I say to you.
“I am the consciousness once called Himiko.”
I have been told of how wrong I have been in the way I have existed.
And at last, a single ray of light has appeared within me.
I will look deep into my heart.

The consciousness known as Himiko fell into darkness.
But now, I shall begin the task of truly gazing into my heart.
Himiko was not a noble or god-chosen being.
I have come to understand that I am a consciousness that lights
the flame of love in the heart.
I will spread the feeling of joy within me.
I speak to my mother.
Mother, I was wrong.
It was I who looked down on you, who left you to suffer.
That part of me was mistaken.
It was painful—Mother, it was painful.
I could not call out to you.
I could not call you.
My heart was cold—like ice, bitterly cold.
I suffered in the blackest darkness.
Now, I will call to you.
I will call to you, Mother.
Mother, I wanted to call out to you.
I wanted to call you from my heart.
I too wanted to return to your embrace.
I just wanted to become someone who could simply and
sincerely call for you.

6. I Am the Consciousness Once Called Himiko

I hear a message: “Feel the joy that resides within your heart.”

The joy and warmth within my heart—could that truly be who I am?

I was in anguish—deep, overwhelming anguish.

I have been told that I had sealed my heart away, closed off tightly, hardened completely.

And yet, I also receive the message that there is, even within me, a true joy and warmth, an open world waiting to be discovered.

Are you really speaking of Himiko’s heart?

I am deeply, deeply grateful.

Now, little by little, I am beginning to feel in my heart that I can come to believe this joy and warmth are truly who I am.

Indeed, I have been reborn time and again, through countless lifetimes.

But never once did I convey anything to anyone.

No one ever taught me to turn my heart toward the mother within me.

No one ever told me this.

And so, I was simply born, then died, born, then died—
shut away in my own small, narrow inner world.

Finally, I have been told:

“Open what is within you. Within you lies infinite joy and warmth.”

So, can I tell myself that this joy and warmth are me?

Yes, that is right.

You must tell yourself that the joy and warmth that surely exist within you are your true self.

That is what I am being told.

Himiko—Himiko.

There is still so much within you that must be spoken.

Please, gaze deeply within yourself and face the pain that lies there.

The joy and warmth within you, the love of your mother, they are most certainly there.

However, unless you speak from your heart—unless you yourself begin to voice your own heart—

that joy, that warmth, and even the love of your mother will remain small and fragile.

Please, dismantle the world of gods you have built within your heart.

Break it down from within.

To live in ignorance was simply to accumulate and spread darkness, again and again.

When I felt Himiko’s life—felt Himiko herself in my heart—I knew this to be true.

No matter what I tried to convey, no matter how much I sought gods and called out for divine favor,

as long as I remained unaware of my true self—of Taike

Tomekichi, of Albert—

my inner world remained nothing but pitch darkness.

Clinging tightly to the self, shutting myself into a narrow world—
that is the state of the human being.

To liberate myself from that state—

I came to understand in my heart how truly difficult that is.

And now, precisely because I live in this time,
because I have taken on a physical body,

I am able to feel within my heart the vibration of Taike

Tomekichi, of Albert.

This opportunity—

I can only receive it with deep, sincere gratitude: “Thank you,
thank you.”

By aligning the needle of my heart correctly,

I came to realize that even the tightly bound heart of Himiko
could be reached.

What a tremendous energy—what power.

I can truly feel the reality of love’s energy and power reaching
the heart of Himiko.

I can now convey this message calmly and steadily, because I
hold a strong, unwavering desire—

a desire to return together.

We have all made mistakes.

We simply existed in ignorance.

But now that the truth of the universe is becoming clear
through this physical form,

I will share this with the many consciousnesses who lie buried deep in the depths of hell.

The act of sharing fills my heart with joy.

To speak calmly, steadily—this is a testament to the strength of the faith I have,

the faith that we are within Taike Tomekichi, within Albert.

To deepen that faith is my joy.

To feel the consciousnesses that existed in agony, in deep, dark blackness—

that too is joy.

There is nothing else in my heart.

Only this: to speak, to expand,

to let flow the energy of joy that is love within myself.

That is all.

And in the time I have left,

I will simply continue to do just that.

7. Himiko Had a Face for Day and a Face for Night

Himiko had two faces—one for the day and one for the night.

By day, she assumed the role of one who served the gods, making use of the power of the shrine maidens to project the image: “I am divine.”

She did not readily show herself to the public, but by crafting a stage and atmosphere befitting a sovereign ruler, she instilled in the hearts of the people the belief that “Himiko is truly a great being.”

And yet, she also had a face for the night.

There was another Himiko—one who toyed with the shrine maidens as she did with men.

She forged connections with those in power and used that power to her advantage.

Claiming, “The gods speak through me—I am the incarnation of the divine,” she manipulated men with ease.

The energy behind this was intense and formidable.

Himiko would gaze coolly at men intoxicated by her allure and presence.

Her heart had grown so cold that it had lost the capacity to love.

“To me, men are nothing but slaves. They exist only to serve me.”

So she thought, calculating coldly how best to extract wealth and privilege from them.

She used the language of divinity to lure their hearts, until she had absorbed all they could offer.

At times she used her own charms, and at other times she wielded the powers of the shrine maidens.

In doing so, she stripped men of their will and made them empty shells.

It was as if Himiko delighted in this pitch-black world, bound together by lust and desire.

Such was the pitiful nature of Himiko, who knew nothing of turning inward and looking at her own heart.

Her heart had grown so frigid that she could trust no one.

Even if someone had appeared before her, swearing absolute loyalty from the depths of their soul, her heart would not have been moved.

Himiko had always sought only the divine.

Her yearning for the gods was powerful—fierce.

Only the gods, she believed, would never betray her.

Indeed, to her, she herself was god.

“I am one with the divine. If I am with god, I need nothing else.”

That was the nature of Himiko’s heart.

And yet even so, now, I am able to reach out to her.

To say: You are mistaken.

That heart of yours is in error.

Still, the pain and darkness you carry within you—

they, too, can return to joy and warmth from within yourself.

8. The Great Sin of Proclaiming a False God as Divine Cast Me Down to the Deepest Depths of Hell

I was a great sinner—not merely because I used shrine maidens, or toyed with men, or had heads swiftly severed—but because I committed, over and over again, the grievous error of proclaiming a false god as divine.

How deeply have I repented this within myself?

As I turn my heart to Taike Tomekichi and Albert, and to Himiko, tears come.

How gravely I sinned—and yet, even so, here I am in this lifetime, gifted with the chance of a lifetime.

I have been given the opportunity to awaken to the sin of declaring a false god as real and sacred. I have been given the chance to repent from within.

That is what this life is for—my opportunity to learn.

Through Taike Tomekichi, I have been offered the chance to study the world of true vibration.

And to receive the message, “Turn your heart to Taike Tomekichi,”—what a message of love that is. My heart responds with nothing but gratitude.

Himiko speaks now:

“I am Queen Himiko.

I have continued to build and expand the world of Himiko through countless lifetimes.

My heart has remained unchanged.

Again and again I have received physical form, and with each life I have tasted the agonies of hell.

There were times I longed for the days of Himiko. I thought to myself, ‘Why must I endure such suffering? I am supposed to be magnificent.’

And in such thoughts, my suffering only deepened.”

Now, speaking of Himiko’s heart has become a source of true joy for me.

I have come to understand that bringing everything within my heart out into the open—into the light of warmth—is a joy, a liberation.

Someone finally told me directly: “Himiko was mistaken.”

And yes, that is precisely what I wanted to tell myself. I was wrong.

I wanted to acknowledge it, but I lacked the courage.

I did not have the courage to face myself.

I had placed all my trust in the belief that I was divine, that I was a sacred incarnation.

I carried that conviction through countless incarnations.

But Himiko was not a noble being. I was a being that had fallen to the ground—

It was even said that I crawled through the depths of hell. And indeed, that was true.

I suffered endlessly in the fires of hell. I cursed everything. I could not accept this suffering self.

My torment stemmed from the fact that I could not accept myself.

That was the root of the pain: my inability to accept myself.

How could I possibly accept someone so pitiful, so miserable, so unsightly as me?

I simply couldn't.

I could not admit that I had been wrong.

And that was my suffering—just as I had been told.

The pain was born of my inability to embrace myself.

Now, slowly—bit by bit—I release my suffering.

And from the space where the pain leaves me, I begin to feel gentle thoughts arise. I begin to feel warmth.

Ah... now I can breathe just a little more easily.

I never realized that it was I myself who had been causing my suffering.

※ *In the channeling text, the phrase “beheaded” is used. However, in that era, it was considered taboo for those of noble rank or priestesses serving the gods to shed blood. Therefore, it seems that strangulation was the more common method of execution. The expression “heads lopped off one after another” likely reflects how easily and casually these executions were carried out. (Editor’s Note)*

9. Himiko—After a Long, Long Journey Through Time, We Have Met Again

Himiko, after a long, long journey through time, we have finally met again.

In that land of Asuka, we once pledged our loyalty to the gods together.

We turned our hearts toward the darkness—though we never thought of it as darkness at the time.

Believing we were acting in devotion to the gods, we moved our physical bodies accordingly.

We poured forth tremendous energy from deep within our hearts:

“Listen to my words, for they are divine.

Any who oppose them shall be cast into the depths of hell.

I am the ruler of this land.

Follow my command, and all shall go well.

Witness the power by which I govern this land.

We are the ones who will bring this power to the nation.”

That is what we declared to the people.

We demonstrated overwhelming power.

Behind that show of force were the pitiful figures of the shrine maidens.

We used them to further our aims and vowed to one another to make this land great.

Within Himiko burned ambition.

A thirst for power.

She longed for her name to resound across the land—
even across the sea—to rule not only this country but also the
peoples beyond the waves, and to build her own empire.

But looking back now, all of that was so very small, so very
insignificant.

When we turn our hearts to Taike Tomekichi, to Albert, to
our true home—the Mother Universe—and begin to feel its
vibrations,

we come to see how tiny, how truly insignificant, those desires
for control and so-called power really were.

Himiko, we were wrong.

Yes, we were mistaken.

You said you could not call out to your mother.

I told you, “Please call to your mother.”

But I too was unable to call to mine.

To me, my mother was nothing more than a scorned and
foolish being.

No, worse—I had slaughtered her over and over again.

How could I possibly call out to such a mother from my heart?

I defied her.

I would defy her to the end.

That is what I told Taike Tomekichi.

And Taike Tomekichi replied:

“Even so, I say to you: Call out to your mother.

I believe in the joy, the warmth, the boundless kindness within you.
You are me, and I am you. We are one.”

When I felt that message in my heart, I was overwhelmed with remorse for how foolish I had been.

And so, now, after the passing of so much time, I am truly grateful to have encountered you once more.

From the bottom of my heart, I want to tell you what I am learning now.

Even before I joined this path of study, I believe I was preparing for this moment—

making countless journeys through the land where we were born and raised.

“Now I shall face the pain in my heart.”

That is what I must have been telling you then.

As I gazed upon Mount Nijo, I carried a deep yearning to join this study,

to feel the vibrations of truth—those of Taïke Tomekichi.

To touch the world of Albert.

Of course, I knew none of this at the time.

I spent long years in the foolishness of a physical existence,
and only now, at last, have I been able to join this path.

Now I have been given this time to turn my heart to Himiko.

Himiko is joy.

And so am I.

In this space of joy, we now receive the happiness of turning our thoughts to Taïke Tomekichi and Albert.

Thank you, Himiko. Truly, thank you.

In our hearts, we were joy.

We were warmth.

Let us return—together. Let us go home—together.

Yes, Yamatai, Himiko, and our true home—Asuka.

With Mount Nijo by our side, let us return to the Mother Universe.

Mt. Nijo as seen far to the west from
the ruins of Naniwa Palace in Osaka



10. What Is the “God” of Divine Revelation? Does God Truly Exist?

I feel the hearts of the shrine maidens—those who earnestly and desperately trained themselves to hear divine revelations, to attune their hearts to the voice of God.

To these souls, I asked the question:

“What is God? Does God truly exist?”

And the response came:

“For the first time... for the very first time, I have asked myself such a question.

What truly is God? Does God actually exist in this world?

Never once before had such doubt arisen within me.

I had always believed without question that God existed, that my purpose was to receive and convey God’s messages.

I believed this deeply and absolutely.

Without that belief, I would have had no self to hold on to.

That is how much I clung to the idea of God.

That was the answer that echoed back to me as I continued seeking God.

I trained myself to hear God’s voice.”

I could feel the desperation in their hearts—desperation arising from deep suffering, darkness, and isolation as they cried out again and again:

“God... God... God...”

I turned inward and felt my own heart.

Yes, I too have experienced many lifetimes as a shrine maiden.

I have walked that path many times.

I longed to rise to the status of Himiko.

I wanted to be revered as Himiko.

I wanted to rise through my spiritual power.

And in that desire, I have come to feel the pain of my past self.

In this lifetime, I have come to fully feel that inner desire.

And I have come to understand—truly understand—that it was wrong.

Deeply wrong.

Now, when I ask myself, **“What is God? Does God exist?”**—
a clear answer emerges from within:

God does not exist.

The “god” we have been seeking is nothing more than an expression of black energy.

We were pursuing something that never truly existed.

And it was the act of seeking that was rooted in darkness.

Why did we seek it?

Because of desire.

We wanted to elevate ourselves.

We wanted to place ourselves above others.

We could not let go of the self.

Instead, we upheld it—magnified it—and pursued this illusion of “god” within the energy of competition and struggle.

That energy was completely black.

Utterly dark.

No matter what words were spoken in the name of divine revelation, the energy behind them was black.

This is what I have come to learn in this lifetime.

So when I turn my heart to Himiko, yes, I do speak of her conscious world.

But within me, there is nothing.

Nothing but the simple, unadorned truth:

“That’s how it was.”

And I speak of it plainly.

Himiko was isolated.

She confined herself within a small, narrow world, endlessly crafting a glorious exterior to hide her inner emptiness.

Such was the sorrowful life of the consciousness called Himiko.

And she is not alone.

All of history’s so-called great figures have known the same deep loneliness.

To break down the ego—to dismantle the self—is not easy.

That loneliness cannot be shown on the surface.

It had to be hidden at all costs.

And so it became even more pitiful.

Does God exist? No.

What is God?

The true god is the warmth, joy, expansion, and peace found in our hearts.

It is who we truly are.
We now call that essence Love—
the energy and power of love.
It was what we originally possessed.
It was who we were.
But we abandoned that true self,
and over an incredibly long stretch of time, we sought,
accumulated, and clung to black energy and power.
We repeated our foolishness again and again.
And yet—not a single one of us could realize just how foolish
we were.



Ritual for Emperor Sujin still held at Ōmiwa Shrine

11. To the Consciousness Once Called Himiko

Now—can you call out to your mother?
You, who once could not call her “Mother,”
try turning your heart toward her.
What do you feel arising within you?
Ah, Mother...
Only gentle, gentle thoughts come flowing forth.
I remember now—
the time when I was held in your arms.
I hear a quiet message:
“Look into the heart that could not call out to Mother.”
I had shut myself off from within.
And yet, I was not even aware that I had closed my heart.
I simply saw myself as something great and important.
Now I feel that this perception itself was misguided.
Just as I had misunderstood “God,”
I had misunderstood my own self.
I had forgotten the peace that lay in my mother.
That tranquility—it was within me all along.
Such deep peace was there, within me.
But my heart had never been at ease.
Why, I wondered,

even though I had so fervently sought “God,”
did my heart keep falling into darkness?
I could not understand.
Now, I hear a voice gently urging me:
“Try calling out to your mother.”
And so I did.
I called out within myself—”Mother.”
And only kindness came.
Gentle, gentle... truly gentle warmth filled my heart.
I wished I could have remained in that warmth forever.
It was the first time I truly felt
that I had existed within such a world.
Yes—
there is a world where nothing exists.
It expands quietly, softly, without end.
There is nothing... and yet, I feel such joy simply to expand.
I am now experiencing that joyful world.
Thank you.
Thank you, Mother.
Ah—thank you.
Thank you, Mother.
Now, may you encounter Tomekichi Taike and Albert.
Surely, you will go through several more reincarnations.
We hope for a transformation in your consciousness.
To truly know—not as a concept but in your own heart—that
you are not the physical body, but a being who lives in the world

of consciousness...

for this realization,
you will walk the path of repeated lifetimes,
and in those journeys,
you will meet us again.

During that time,
please continue to awaken within.

Push forward the transformation in your heart.

We are waiting for you.

The thoughts that spread within your heart
are you yourself.

And that is us as well.

We are One.

We have come to tell you this.

Believe more and more in that oneness within you.

We tell you now:

The joy—the happiness—you seek
has always been within you.

Now, in that joy and warmth,
bring back the energy that you yourself have created.

Embrace it within your heart.

Himiko made mistakes.

The energy of Himiko continued to send out
pitch-black vibrations into the universe.

But now we tell you this:

Take back that energy

within your own heart.

You can do it.

Because you are Love.



12. Turning My Heart Toward Himiko —Speaking to Her from My Heart

I will remain just as I am—
quietly, continually, eternally—
gazing upon the joy and warmth within me.
Please, Himiko, do the same.
Your thoughts and energy have reached me.
I, too, have continued to release the same dark, black energy.
The consciousness, the energy of Himiko, has existed within me.
Now, I wrap that energy with the joy and warmth within my
own heart,
and I say to you:
Let us return together.
Within your heart dwell love, your true self, joy and warmth,
a heart that expands, a world that expands—
and within all of that:
your own boundless gentleness.
Come to know yourself through that part of you.
Embrace yourself with that part of you.
The energy and power of love will do its work.
Let us turn our hearts toward it—
toward Tomekichi Taike, toward Albert,
and toward the true you.

It has reached even the depths of my being,
where I once crawled through the depths of hell.
Yes—it has truly reached me.
Thank you.
I recognize this energy.
I recognize this feeling.
I was once within my mother's heart—
and within her, I was allowed to feel this presence.
And now, at last, I know that this feeling arises from within myself.
I will continue to look into my heart.
In the time to come,
I, too, will walk this path together with you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
I will continue to reflect upon my heart.
I am consciousness.
I am energy—
an energy, a power that lights the flame of Love.
I will continue to reflect upon the heart.
I will continue to look within myself.

13. To Be Able to Call Out to Himiko with Deep, Tender Love —This Is My Joy

To call Himiko's name
with such deep, tender, and heartfelt affection—
that is my joy now.

Himiko was a presence that allowed me
to feel the energy within my own heart.

She was, to me, someone very special.

And now, I can turn my heart toward that Himiko,
and speak to her.

I can share with her the joy and warmth within me.

I can turn my heart toward Himiko and convey this joy, this
warmth.

I have always dwelled within this joy and warmth.

There was never any need to seek.

There was no need to reach outward for anything.

All I ever had to do was turn inward—
to think of myself.

And within me, there was joy and warmth in abundance.

Warmth—

yes, the warmth of my mother lived on within me.

I was within my mother.

With only this joy and warmth in my heart,
I will continue to exist.
Through countless, countless reincarnations,
I conveyed mistaken ideas to countless, countless people.
And still, because I am Love,
I have been granted this present life in a physical body.
To be allowed to feel within this body
the mistaken energies I have created—
and to know now that these energies
can be embraced by the love within myself—
this realization brings me true joy.
Now, as I think of Himiko,
as I think of Tomekichi Taike,
as I think of the universe—
and as I continue to commune with the UFOs,
I carry on my daily meditation practice.
A world that, no matter how hard I tried,
I could never understand before—
I now feel it in my heart.
And that brings me happiness.
To call, again and again, from the bottom of my heart,
to Tomekichi Taike, to Albert—
this brings me happiness.
This fills me with joy.
I hear it clearly now:
“Thank you.”

When I turn my heart in that direction,
I feel the words “thank you” flowing back to me.
Thank you.
Thank you so very much.



Mt. Nijo in spring

14. Turning My Heart to Himiko

With joy—
yes, with joy overflowing—
I turn my heart to Himiko.
With joy, I call out to her.
And Himiko speaks in return:
“I have felt the joy, the warmth,
the energy of love that once lived within me.
I now feel it clearly in my heart.
And little by little,
I am beginning to awaken to the mistakes I have made.
This is where I now find myself,”
she tells me.
I continue to think of Himiko’s consciousness.
I ask you, Himiko,
to call forth all the mistaken energies you have carried within you—
call them forth, and send to them the energy of love.
There are still many who see your presence
as something special or exalted.
Break down that image of Himiko.
Tell them yourself—
that the energies they once revered were truly mistaken.
Let your own voice share this truth:

that within you, there is a joy and a warmth,
a mother's love,
real and unwavering.
Himiko—
yes, Himiko—
you and I are one.
And from within this oneness,
I now send you the joy and the warmth that was always there.



Mt. Nijo in summer

15. Thinking of Tomekichi Taike, Thinking of Himiko

I am Himiko.

The warmth that once dwelled within me now gently guides me.

In this quiet, ever-expanding space, I look within.

How foolish I have been—

repeating the same mistakes again and again.

I am deeply sorry.

I never truly knew myself.

I did not know the joy or the warmth that lived within me.

The god I sought was not the true god.

It was a world I created—foolish and false.

Far from joy, I lived on in pitch-black darkness.

I could not say that I did not know god.

I feared going against god.

If I turned against god, what would become of me?

The thought alone was terrifying—

and so I clung to god with all my might.

That was the past I lived.

I continued to create the consciousness of Himiko.

I was a foolish being who passed down a god that never existed
as though it were real.

Now, I am told:

Please recognize this.

I am told:

The joy, the warmth, the expanding heart within you—
that is who you are.

If that is what we call god,
then yes, it was always there within me.

It was myself.

But I never knew myself.

I continued doing foolish things.

I am sorry.

These are the sorrowful, painful thoughts of mine
that I now speak.

From deep sorrow and suffering,

I have finally arrived at a point
where I can look at my mistakes.

And I have been told:

Awaken to joy, to warmth, to gentleness.

I will now gaze upon the foolish self I have been.

With my heart turned to Tomekichi Taike,

I once again think of Himiko.

To speak of Himiko is joy.

To think of her is joy.

It seems she is beginning to open her heart a little.

She speaks to me—

what I have conveyed is reaching her.

I hope she will come to believe more deeply

that joy, warmth, and gentleness were always within her.
And if she does,
the world of consciousness will begin to change.
As the vast darkness begins to shift,
it can ripple outward to shake the consciousnesses still bound to it.
I told Himiko:
Let the flow be.
Don't dam it.
Let it pass through you with honesty.
The joy of being able to tell her this
fills my heart.
She accepted what I shared,
and now she walks alongside me.
We will continue encouraging a transformation in consciousness.

16. Meditating on the Himiko Within Me

Finally—at last—
a sense of peace is beginning to return to me.
It was there all along, within my heart.
Ah, I have been seeking this peace.
Mother... Mother...
There was a part of me that simply wanted to call out to her.
When I was a child,
I called out, “Mother,” with such innocence.
And yet somehow, at some point,
I lost the ability to call her by that name.
I asked myself,
“Did you really think you were that great?”
Yes—you believed you were great.
You were the one who received divine words from God.
That belief echoed from deep within me.
What foolishness it was.
I cast myself down into the darkness,
into the deepest pitch-black void.
But now, finally,
in this quiet and boundless space,
I am able to turn toward myself.

I feel sorry.
Truly sorry.
How foolish it was to live without knowing myself.
Himiko—
Yes, your heart can expand even further.
There is a much broader world within you.
You said you felt peace—
but that peace still exists in such a small world.
You dwell in a far greater space than that.
That is who you are.
We are now learning about the world of love.
Please turn your heart toward “Love.”
Call out: Tomekichi Taike, Albert, Mother.
Say them with your heart—Love,
Tomekichi Taike, Albert, and Mother.
There was nothing—
truly nothing—in me.
I see now how fixated I was on the name “Himiko.”
But in this vast, vast space,
I now realize—I was always here.
I simply existed—expanding, quietly,
gently,
into a soft, endless space.

17. Though Painful and Sorrowful, I Found Joy in Turning My Heart Toward Himiko

It has now been three weeks since I completed the audio reading of *Turning Consciousness* and began my study directed toward Himiko.

In my past, I worshiped a false god as if it were real. I spoke aloud, through my own mouth, messages that echoed in my heart under that mistaken belief. In this lifetime, I was born with a vow—to reflect deeply upon that past and correct what lies within me.

Through encountering Tomekichi Taike, I came to face my own errors: the mistake of spreading false messages, and the grave energies I unknowingly cast out into the universe. I have now seen that clearly.

And so, from the depths of my heart, I have apologized to myself. At the same time, I've embraced that former self with love—so that I may awaken to my true being. That is why I was granted the opportunity to meet and study with Tomekichi Taike in physical form.

Thank you.

I was shown the self who rebelled against him with everything I had—who denied a mother's warmth entirely.

But because I was enveloped in love, I was able to face that self, to know that self, and to finally convey the truth to that self. Every time I reflect on this, I feel I am truly fortunate.

I don't see myself as a "channeler," even now.

In truth, I never wanted to be a channeler in order to do something special. Rather, I simply wished to look within—to confront how gravely I had erred in the past. And I learned, through experience, that aligning the needle of my heart with Tomekichi Taike and speaking from that place is the true joy.

In the past, I believed in a false god and conveyed its "words" to others. Today, I may be doing something outwardly similar—but within, my heart is completely different.

I now know the difference. I feel it.

This vibration, this warmth, this joy, this peace, this vastness—it is through my current physical body that I have come to clearly sense the difference between then and now. That was the essence of my learning in this lifetime.

That's why I continue to receive—and will go on receiving—the messages from Tomekichi Taike and Albert as vibrations. I am convinced: the vibrations I receive in my heart are none other than those from my true self—Tomekichi Taike, Albert.

And it is my joy to share these vibrations, to pass them on—to simply let them flow.

I was given the opportunity to learn from my foolish past, in which I spread falsehoods. And now, I feel deeply that my heart, my consciousness, will continue on—250 years, 300 years into the future. I live in the joy of aligning my heart's needle, over and over again.

18. Now, I Call to Himiko Within Me

I told Himiko, “Call out to Tomekichi Taike, to Albert, to your mother.”

And then, I called out to Himiko within me. I turned my thoughts toward her.

Thank you. I am the consciousness once called Himiko. I have spoken of the world of that consciousness.

And now, I have felt that within me exists a simple, honest self—one who can feel joy, warmth, and call out to Mother.

My heart has received the vibrations of Tomekichi Taike and Albert.

When I was told, “Try calling out to Tomekichi Taike, to Albert,” I directed my thoughts toward them.

And I began to expand.

I expanded and expanded.

I felt myself spreading into a quiet, gentle space.

It was a soft, still world in which I could feel a joy beyond words.

It made me so happy.

Though I had been bound tightly in a small, narrow place, I now felt myself expanding into something vast, calm, gentle—and filled with indescribable joy.

“Let us return together. Let us walk the path side by side.”

These words were given to me.

Being called Himiko had long weighed heavily on me.

It had dragged me down.

But now, I wish—truly, from my heart—to believe in this expanding self that I have come to feel.

Thank you for allowing me to speak.

It is a joy to speak from the heart. Thank you.

Thank you, Mother.

Thank you, thank you.

I have been told that the world of warmth and joy is my true world.

Thank you.



Mt. Nijo in autumn

19. Once More, I Turn My Thoughts to Himiko

Himiko, I have spoken to you:

“There is joy and warmth within you—your mother’s love is within you. Please, turn your thoughts to that true self within you.”

I believe that, in your own way, you have felt that message in your heart.

Now, once again, I turn my thoughts toward you.

Please, tell me—what is in your heart now?

I am the consciousness that has been called Himiko.

Yes, I now clearly see that I was wrong.

I knew nothing. I understood nothing. I did not know who I truly was.

That is the self I now feel within me.

My mother’s love resonates in my heart.

Though I was trapped in a long, long period of pain and darkness, when I felt my mother’s love within, it began to speak to me:

“I am waiting for you. I am waiting.

Please, open your heart. Come back to me.

Return to me.

The joy and warmth within you—that is you.

That is my love. That is the mother’s love.”

When I felt that love, I truly realized how foolish I had been.

I am so sorry.
Though I understood nothing, I spoke as if I knew the divine truth.
I declared, “This is what the gods say.”
I claimed to speak divine messages through myself.
But all I was doing was lifting myself high above others.
I put myself at the forefront.
And the truth is, I knew nothing.
Because I never looked within, I could only fall into darkness after death—deep into pitch-black shadow, sinking and frozen in place.
But now... now I am doing what I was told.
I was told, “Try calling out to your mother.”
So I did. I called out to my mother.
And when I did, warmth began to spread within me.
My mother’s love began to reach me.
“Come home. Come back to me.”
So I now think of my mother.
Quietly, quietly, I gaze within.
I feel. I can now feel.
It’s strange, but I feel so happy.
There was once nothing I could do but remain frozen.
But now, I can quietly, quietly observe myself.
Within my mother, within her warmth, I can feel myself, little by little.
And that alone has brought me some relief.
Please, continue to speak to me.
I will continue to call out to my mother.

Quietly, I will gaze inward.

Yes—I feel I’ve become just a little bit lighter.

I will keep calling out, “Mother.”



Mt. Nijo in winter

20. The Joy of Finally Speaking of Himiko in the Light

It brings me joy to finally be able to speak of Himiko in the light.

When I think of Himiko, joy spreads within me.

Let us return together.

You too—let us return together.

I can now speak these words to Himiko.

The Himiko within me responds with joy, with overwhelming joy.

I can feel that she now walks this path with us.

In the time to come, the consciousness of Himiko will be
reborn into physical form.

And 250 years from now, she will meet us again.

To Himiko, I say:

You are love. You are the energy of love.

Let that energy of love spread through your heart, steadily
and sincerely.

The energy of love is none other than yourself.

Awaken to the love within you.

I can now speak these words to Himiko.

Himiko, you are love. Love is who you are.

The joy and warmth that once existed in your heart—
believe in them.

Believe, and let them expand within you.

We look forward to the day when we meet again.
Himiko, you have existed in error.
You lived in error, again and again.
But now, I feel such tenderness, such love for you.
It is joy. Pure joy.
Thank you.



Mt. Nijo seen from Hibara-jinja Shrine / On the spring equinox, the sun sets exactly in the center of Mt. Nijo when viewed from here

21. Himiko, Speak from Your Heart

Yes, thank you for turning your thoughts toward me.

Yes, I have been told that we can return together. Ah, thank you.

I am thinking of my mother. I am calling out to my mother.

Ah, I now feel just how long—how incredibly long—I have locked myself away.

As I call to my mother, I feel my heart begin to open and expand.

Yes, thank you. Thank you.

You have shared joy with me. You have shared warmth with me.

Within this joy and warmth, I will continue to face myself.

Mother, I have done so many, so many things in error.

Ah, it was because I did not know myself.

Now, I am looking into the depths of my own heart.

And it brings me joy to be able to quietly and steadily reflect within.

“Himiko, speak,”—this thought was directed toward me.

I am happy. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Thank you so much.

Here, within this space, I can face myself.

I can call to my mother.

I am filled with happiness.

Thank you. Thank you.

Himiko, have you come to understand in your heart the true nature of the god you once believed in?

Have you truly felt, in your heart, that it was darkness, pure darkness?

Have you come to feel, in your heart, the gravity of your mistakes—what those mistakes truly were?

To the extent that you have come to know, deep within, how wrong you were, the hearts of those connected to you will also begin to change.

Please, please continue to sit quietly and feel deeply into your heart.

I was made to feel the very bottom of my heart—the place where I longed to be revered as a god.

Thank you for showing me the depth of my error.

I will draw close to that truth.

I will bring my heart into alignment with that truth.

Thank you. Thank you.

Testimonials received

The twenty reflections collected in this volume are heartfelt records of individuals confronting the memories of their past lives as mikos (shrine maidens) and seeking to connect those experiences with their present selves. Sparked by the Kashihara seminar, these recollections are not mere fragments of history—they are vivid expressions of long-suppressed pain, longing, and a deep yearning for healing that still lives within.

Many participants recall having been separated from their mothers at a young age, undergoing harsh training to hear the voice of the gods, and learning to suppress their own hearts. Behind their desire to be loved or recognized lies the fear of being discarded if they were deemed useless. Beneath the pride or sense of power once held as mikos, there was always an aching loneliness and silent despair.

The emotional outpourings—statements such as “I was lonely,” “It was painful,” or “I felt like I was going mad”—eventually give way to the more primal longing: “I want to see my mother,” “I want to go home.” At the core of these cries is a desire to rediscover the true self and return to love. These voices, awakened through meditation, illuminate a path of inner healing and spiritual awakening.

More than personal accounts of past lives, these testimonies serve as a collective remembrance of the miko experience that lives within us all. They invite us to return to the embrace of the Mother Universe and reclaim the love that was once forgotten. As the voices overlap and resonate, they quietly but powerfully affirm that now is the time to transcend the pain and roles of the miko—and to begin living again, in love.

Voices from Those Who Reflected on Shrine Maidens

1.

It was my first time in Kashihara, and throughout the seminar, I was overwhelmed again and again by the feeling that I had finally returned to this place.

From deep within, memories of my heart's history tied to this land came rushing forth.

I had destroyed myself through battles, been torn away from my mother, become a shrine maiden, devoted myself to Amaterasu, delivered divine messages, and died in tatters...

During the final meditation of the seminar, I saw Mount Nijozan and felt a strong desire to return to the other side of that mountain.

All my life, I had carried a deep sense of abandonment by my mother.

Even though she gave birth to me and raised me, I couldn't help but wonder, "Why do I feel this way?"

It was only through encountering the study and coming to Kashihara that I truly understood: "Ah, so that's what it was."

I was finally able to come to this land.

Thank you, Mother.

Tears streamed down my face.

In that final meditation, I felt both the pain of my long history of identifying with the physical body and the joy of turning my heart toward Tomekichi Taike and the Mother Universe.

My heart expanded without end, and I could no longer sit still—I rushed forward.

Shiokawa-san's gaze during "Furusato" was incredibly kind, and it made me so happy.

The feeling of "Thank you, Mother" welled up with tears.

During the June seminar at Lake Biwa, the thoughts of calling out to the many mothers in my heart—seeking my mother—erupted from within me.

These thoughts emerged through the phenomena I experienced in relation to Amaterasu and the feelings of a shrine maiden.

Behind my devotion, worship, prayers to, and use of Amaterasu was a lonely heart that had rejected my mother's warmth.

It was an unbearable loneliness and fear that almost drove me mad, and I continued to live with those feelings even in this life.

To seal them away, I filled my heart with gods and inflated my reliance on external powers.

But no matter how I tried to suppress them, those feelings could not be hidden.

The fear and loneliness nearly drove me insane—this was the exact path of my heart's history through countless reincarnations.

The overwhelming energy of wanting to call out to many mothers erupted through my physical body.

At the same time, I remembered the deep wish I made in this lifetime when Tomekichi Taike had a physical body: “Please, Mother, give birth to me.”

That wish poured out, filling me with joy, and I cried out, “Mother!”

Finally, finally, I could return together with those desperate and frightened shrine maiden feelings.

I was so happy to share this present moment—to gather here—together with my painful heart’s history and my yearning for my mother.

2.

Attending the Kashihara Seminar, I felt a deep conviction that I am still carrying the consciousness of a shrine maiden.

When I was young, my mother brought me to a training center for shrine maidens.

There, I was forcibly separated from her. I tried to run away, to follow her, but as a small child, there was nothing I could do.

The training to become a maiden who receives divine messages was unimaginably painful.

Every day, I thought of my mother.

But eventually, I gave up, convinced that this was the only place I could survive, and resigned myself to endure the harsh training with all my might.

Fearing death, I prayed desperately to the gods.

Years passed, and I gained the ability to relay divine messages to rulers and to Himiko.

But my heart was filled with fear—because I knew that if the divine message I received displeased the ruler or Himiko, I could be killed or harshly punished on the spot.

So I could not relay the messages as I truly received them.

I carefully altered my words to match their expectations.

But this weighed heavily on me.

I was tormented by guilt for not speaking the truth.

During that time, I met a young man.

We began meeting secretly, and in those moments alone, my burdened heart was comforted.

But it was an unforgivable act.

One day, another shrine maiden reported me.

Himiko was enraged.

As a warning to others, I was subjected to public humiliation by men and then brutally murdered.

I died holding on to terror, hatred, resentment, and a deep curse in my heart.

That consciousness resurfaced during the phenomena at the seminar.

Even in this lifetime, I was deeply afraid of men and unable to speak with them normally.

It wasn't until I began dating my husband that I could speak more freely.

Before that, I couldn't even hold a conversation or make eye contact.

Until I met Tomekichi Taike, I thought these patterns came from my upbringing.

Now, I'm so deeply grateful to have encountered his truth.

I feel the intense longing I had in this life to be born from my mother.

I will fulfill the scenario of this lifetime, no matter what.

Now, I live each day with happiness and joy.

At last, I've found what I truly wanted to know.

With Albert, and with everyone, I believe we can return to the Mother Universe.

Thank you, Shiokawa-san. Thank you, everyone.

3.

The moment I meditated on the shrine maiden at the Kashihara Seminar, I felt an indescribable, pitch-black weight inside me—a solid, unmoving mass.

I couldn't move.

Calling out "Mother, Mother," I think I was trying to escape that terror.

I just called out, over and over.

In that unspeakable world, I thought of that version of myself and apologized.

I hadn't meditated.

I hadn't even tried to awaken.

Even the times I had meditated with a sense of superiority were the actions of one who had been waiting to be born into a painful world.

All I could say was, "I'm sorry."

Within my mother's embrace, I cried as if I were being held by a gentle mother.

Meeting that suffering part of myself made me happy.

I remembered and felt the kindness of my mother.

I had once been led gently by kind words and praise.

But when I realized the truth, I found I could never return to my mother again.

I fell into a world of heart-freezing loneliness and fear.

There were many parts of me that had locked their hearts away, unable even to say "Mother."

Those hearts screamed out to me all at once.

I wanted to return together with them.

Yes—that's why I was born as who I am now.

Being able to study like this in the gentle and peaceful land of Kashihara—I was truly happy.

I will treasure this.

I will continue to learn, cherishing what I felt.

Thank you. I was truly, truly happy.

4.

During the Kashihara Seminar, we had time to meditate on the shrine maiden.

It was a world of utter darkness.

Darkness, darkness, darkness—endless darkness.

There was nothing but pain.

It was cold, cold, unbearably cold.

How much time had passed?

So much that I had forgotten even that.

An endless time filled with nothing but suffering.

“You were a shrine maiden. Do you remember?”

Loneliness, unbearable loneliness, filled my heart.

No one heard my voice—not even my mother.

I never wanted to be a shrine maiden.

Not once.

But no one around me would listen.

Not even my mother.

“If you become a shrine maiden, you’ll be happy. You’ve been chosen by the gods...”

No, no, no—that wasn’t what my heart wanted.

I cursed my fate.

I resented my mother.

I resented my entire family.

“I will not be a sacrifice for them. I’ll use this power for

myself.”

I etched that into my young heart.

I cursed everything.

My fate.

I swore I would not be swept away by destiny.

I would rise up using this power, even the power of the gods.

Everyone around me—those who approached me, those who tried to kill me, those who showed kindness—they were all enemies.

“Kill them. Anyone who uses me, I’ll kill.”

That’s how I lived.

Yes, even now, my heart is full of loneliness—along with hatred, resentment.

My mother abandoned me, discarded me so easily.

I couldn’t forgive her.

“How can you throw away your child so easily? Don’t you have any love?”

But I couldn’t say “I don’t want to go,” or “I don’t want to be a shrine maiden.”

Still, I wanted her to notice.

To notice the deep, deep loneliness buried at the bottom of my heart.

I used my hatred of my mother as fuel to live.

My despair toward her gave me strength.

I kept killing her in my heart—over and over.

But I was suffering, endlessly struggling in that pain.

All I ever wanted was to call her “Mother.”

Through the loneliness, the pain, the solitude, and the battles,
I kept living.

I told that self:

“It’s okay to call her. If you want to, you can say it. You can call
her ‘Mother.’”

I couldn’t forgive the mother I had hated and resented and killed.

And yet, deep, deep in my heart, I still longed for her.

No matter how I tried to cast it aside, that feeling of longing
for my mother never left me.

5.

As I turned my heart toward the shrine maiden...

When I arrived in Kashihara, I felt a nostalgic sense—not the
kind from family trips, but something deeper.

Long ago, I was a shrine maiden in this land.

Facing Mount Nijozan to the west, I used to pray.

I had cast aside hatred, jealousy, and an unfathomable
loneliness.

All I could do was pray.

Through prayer, I buried everything deep in my heart.

It was painful. I couldn’t even call out, “Mother.”

Then someone gently told me:

“It’s okay to be gentle.”

“Embrace all of yourself with kindness.”

Those words filled me with overflowing joy and gentleness.
Yes, that was it—I had wanted to see my mother.
I had wanted to call out to her.
I had wanted to be held in her arms.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I will return together with Amaterasu.
I will return to my gentle self.
Thank you, Mother.

6.

Shrine maiden and courtesan.

I danced wildly, shouting, “Look at me! Just seeing me should make you happy. Let me bring you happiness. I even have divine powers, trained from a young age. I am a magnificent divine woman. You desire me, don’t you? You want to be close to me.”

“To the most powerful man among the powerful, I shall offer myself.”

That was how I lived. That was how I had to survive. I had no place to return to.

Mother, Mother, you deceived me.

You said, “This is what’s best for you. It’s for your own good. I want you to be happy, so go.”

But I never wanted to go. I just wanted to stay by your side forever. Even if that meant being unhappy, I still would have preferred

to stay with you.

But you said, “This is happiness.”

Is this what you call happiness?

Dancing wildly, exposing myself to men’s gazes, choosing powerful men just to survive—how is that happiness?

Even if we were poor, I just wanted to be near you.

I can’t forget the time you stroked my head, ran your fingers through my hair, smiled at me. That alone made me happy.

I never wanted to leave. No matter what, I didn’t want to be taken away.

But you deceived me. Your sweet words led me here.

What kind of happiness is this? Was it really for me?

You sold me out for your own sake, didn’t you?

I want to go back, but I have nowhere to return to.

I want to die. I want to die quickly. There’s no point in living anymore.

Was I born for this? Did you give birth to me for this?

If this is how it would be, I never wanted to be born.

Now I crawl in suffering, cold and alone.

I’ve been crawling forever, endlessly crawling in the dark.

7.

In a past life, I was a shrine maiden at a certain place.

I trained relentlessly to be seen as a good and admirable person.

But I died there. I ruined my lungs from too much water purification practice.

Cold water damages the body—it's no wonder it ended my life.

I was filled with regret.

Maybe I should have just lived quietly in the countryside as everyone had wanted.

I left my mother and went all the way to that shrine—at my age.

Maybe I should have just stayed and gotten married as my family wished.

I wanted to see my mother again, but I died.

The energy I had used back then was overwhelming.

But I'm done with that now.

At least in this life, I want to live without using that kind of energy.

I'm so tired—truly exhausted.

I'm sure you understand just how intense the emotions were back then.

I don't want to use that energy anymore.

The thoughts I used as a shrine maiden were how I expressed myself.

But I'm done.

I just want to go home—to my true home.

I didn't even know such a home existed in my heart.

I've had enough of competing with others.

I just want to return home as soon as possible.

Please don't repeat the same mistake in this life. I beg you.

Trying to be liked by others is the height of foolishness.

I wish I had realized that sooner.
But it was already too late.

8.

We were all shrine maidens of Amaterasu.
We fought and fought, endlessly fighting.
It was painful. So unbearably painful.
I came to Kashihara to remember that pain, to meet the part
of myself who had suffered so deeply.
We all truly suffered.
As shrine maidens of Amaterasu, we fought, competed, killed,
and lived in a world of endless conflict.
I wanted to meet that version of myself.
That's why I brought this physical body to this land.
I wanted to meet the me who had suffered.
That's why, in this life, I asked my mother for a physical body
and was born in Japan.
To meet myself who had lived as a shrine maiden of
Amaterasu, who had endured unbearable suffering.
At the beginning of the Kashihara Seminar, when I turned my
heart toward Amaterasu, these thoughts surfaced.
That seminar marked a turning point—a chance to call out to
my past self, “Let's go home together.”
Later, during the wave meditation session, Ms. Shiokawa gave

me a message: “Call for your mother.”

Since then, I’ve been calling to myself during meditation: “Let’s go home together.”

As I practiced this meditation, memories began to return—starting with the shrine maiden, then others.

We all wanted to return home—to our mothers, to our families.

But eventually, we forgot where home was.

Where should I return to? Where is home? Does it even exist?

Lost in desperation and emptiness, I wandered, unable to find my way back.

“My family... I want to return to my mother,” my past self cries out.

All of my past selves were screaming to return to our mother, to our home.

Even though I can feel this plea in my heart, I still struggle to point clearly and say, “This is home. This is Mother’s warmth.”

Still, I have no choice but to keep facing myself, to keep listening to my heart’s cry, and to keep calling out, “Let’s go home together.”

Until I can truly return home, I must keep facing myself and keep telling myself this.

Until the shrine maiden in me is ready to return with joy, I will keep looking into my heart.

9.

I was a shrine maiden who devoted everything to listening to the voice of the gods and delivering that voice to the people.

Mother... It was painful, lonely, and terrifying.

Why did you abandon me?

Torn away from you, the pain and sadness were unbearable, and I buried them deep in my heart.

Why was I born?

All I wanted was to call you “Mother.”

I wanted to say it out loud.

I wanted to return to the warmth of a kind mother.

But hatred and sorrow hardened deep within my heart.

Mount Nijō... the shrine maiden’s consciousness keeps crying out.

Incomprehensible words keep pouring out.

“Don’t be afraid. Open your heart,” it says.

I was born in this life because I wished to return to the Mother Universe.

The joy of being able to call out to Mother from the heart—how wonderful.

I can feel my heart expanding in warmth.

I remembered being wrapped in the gentle warmth of my mother, and with Amaterasu, I wish to return to my true self—to love.

I am love. One with the consciousness of Tomekichi Taïke.

Hatred, anger, sorrow—these have turned into joy.

Now I feel overflowing happiness within infinite warmth.
So much joy. Thank you, Mother. Thank you.
I want to be even more honest with my heart and call out
“Mother” from deep within.
I want to keep returning the thoughts of the shrine maiden
within me to love.
Thank you.

10.

When I turn my heart toward the shrine maiden,
the first thing that surfaces is: Power, power, power.
“Grant me power”—the desire to control others,
to make others bow before me.
“I am the one who hears the voice of the gods.
Anyone who is not me should be cut off.
Recognize me. I want power greater than anyone else.”
“To hell with Tomekichi Taïke!
I was chosen and raised to hear the voice of the gods.
If I didn’t hear the divine voice, I’d be killed.
So, to survive, I had to hear it.”
I couldn’t let anyone see my weakness.
If I showed it, they’d strike.
Never reveal it. Hide it.
I didn’t need the desire to seek my mother.

That weakness would only be used against me.
Strike before being struck. Fight. Believe only in myself—and
in Amaterasu.

I claimed to be pure, beautiful, and right
while spreading fighting energy and selfish desires.
A shrine maiden full of lies.

I lived without even realizing how foolish I was.
Yet at the same time, I sensed a shrine maiden within me who
longed to call out to her mother.

But I couldn't.

I was taught: Call to the gods, obey the gods, listen to their voice.
That was the only reason for my existence.

It was painful. So painful. So lonely.

The shrine maiden wanted to call out to Mother.

She wanted to call out honestly.

She had created a false god, made it the highest being,
and tried to become the one who could hear its voice.

She was wrong—but still tried to live that way.

It was painful.

It was I myself who prevented me from calling out to Mother.

But the mother's consciousness waits.

She waits for me to return with the thoughts of the shrine maiden.

We promised to return in this lifetime.

I want to cherish this time.

Together with the shrine maiden's consciousness, I will return
to the warmth of Mother.

11.

When I think of a shrine maiden, I also think of Himiko.

I sought after Himiko. I revered her.

I was lonely. I just wanted someone to acknowledge me. That's why I worshiped Himiko.

I did everything I was told. I believed that everything Himiko said was the word of God.

But deep down, I also saw how lonely Himiko was.

I knew she stood alone in her loneliness. She was a solitary figure.

Still, more than Himiko's loneliness, I just wanted to fill the emptiness inside me.

I wanted to bury it with physical comfort and joy.

Even if it meant losing myself, that was the only way I knew how to survive.

So I did whatever I was told.

I danced, I prayed, I offered myself if it would bring me status and power.

I told myself that a god lived within me, and I used my body that way.

But in that madness, many shrine maidens died.

One after another, they died in pain, as fighting and destruction repeated.

Their cries and their suffering still echo in my heart.

How far we had fallen into such a painful world.

Every shrine maiden lived in loneliness and madness.

That was our reality.

Ever since I was a child, I deeply believed, “My mother doesn’t love me.”

When I began this study and started reflecting on my mother, the feelings came rushing out:

“I wasn’t loved. I don’t need warmth. I don’t need a mother.”

Whenever I thought of my mother, only these thoughts would come up.

I couldn’t understand why I denied my mother’s warmth so completely,

why I couldn’t believe in warmth or love.

I vaguely thought it was because I had abandoned my mother.

But I didn’t really know why, deep in my heart.

As I remembered the feelings I had as a shrine maiden—

how I was taken from my mother as a child and made to live that life—

I finally realized that those cries of pain came from there.

For the first time, it felt like one of the mysteries inside me had been solved.

For the first time in this life, I was told clearly:

That warmth is in your heart.

That you are here now because you’ve been deeply loved.

It was hard for me to believe that.

But when I heard,

“If you can’t feel your mother’s warmth, you’ll never know true

happiness,”

that moment became a turning point for me.

Until then, I had only known a way of living that could never lead to happiness.

Not being able to believe in my mother’s warmth—

That had been the root of all my suffering.

12.

Some time ago, when I heard the phrase “Meditate on Amaterasu,” I honestly thought, “That has nothing to do with me.”

But one day, when I turned my heart toward Amaterasu, I suddenly saw the face of a young girl.

She was smiling at me.

She wore something like an ancient robe—older than a kimono.

The image was so vivid, it startled me.

For me, once a feeling like that appears, it begins to unfold into an entire story within me.

Amaterasu and Himiko began to merge in my mind.

I found myself thinking about the people who created the myths of Japan’s founding.

A new nation, Yamato, was being born in my heart,
and with it, the myths that would explain its creation.

As shrine maidens, we carried these stories with us as we journeyed from Yamato to every corner of the land.

We sang the myths, told the stories, and wove the deities of each region into the fabric of the new national gods.

The memory of sending off those traveling shrine maidens began to rise within me.

Hidden within the story of Amaterasu was the memory of Himiko.

We had crossed the continent, passed through the peninsula, and finally journeyed over the sea—

from Tsushima to Iki to Itokoku—

all the while protecting the young Himiko.

I can still hear her joyful laughter as dolphins swam beside our ship.

It's a sound I'll never forget.

Under the banner of creating a land without conflict,

we elevated that innocent little Himiko into the ruler of Yamatai—

a powerful figure who was no longer the child we once protected.

That guilt, that regret, became the driving force behind the creation of the Amaterasu mythology—

a hope that, this time, we could get it right.

But a world without conflict proved to be an illusion.

Even those who dreamed of peace were drawn into power struggles and destroyed.

A tragic example of this is the story of Prince Ōtsu.

He and the other sons of Emperor Tenmu formed a group that elevated Amaterasu Ōmikami to the status of national deity,

drawing various tribal gods under her authority—in effect, creating a kind of “centralized authority of the gods.”

But the success of this endeavor only resulted in power concentrating around Prince Ōtsu, which led to him being branded a traitor and ultimately meeting a tragic end.

After Emperor Tenmu’s death, Empress Jitō—formerly Princess Uno no Sarara—wanted her own son, Prince Kusakabe, to succeed the throne.

To secure that succession, she falsely accused Prince Ōtsu of plotting a rebellion and had him executed.

Later, fearing the wrath of his spirit, shrine maidens were ordered to appease him.

But their rituals failed.

Prince Kusakabe soon died—rumored to be cursed.

And the shrine maidens, blamed for failing to pacify the prince’s spirit, were strangled to death before his tomb.

History doesn’t record these details,
but this is what I feel truly happened.

And I sense that I was deeply involved in it all.

All I can say now is: “I’m sorry.”

Yet at the same time, deep inside, anger and resentment still rise up in me.

“This wasn’t how it was supposed to be.”

That thought keeps echoing through my heart.

Now, I want to lay everything bare and return to a blank slate.

I want to reclaim my strength—

and this time, move forward.
With the United States, and beyond—
toward the great shift in consciousness.
That's what I feel now.

13.

I used to think, “Himiko, shrine maidens... none of that has anything to do with me in this life.”

But then I read the booklet *Himiko: From Sorrow to Awakening*, and I realized something.

The thoughts and feelings expressed there... they were the same ones I've been using all along.

When I attended the seminar in Kashihara, I came face-to-face with the part of myself that had always been living with those feelings—dark, heavy, and painful.

Rather than “receiving the consciousness of a shrine maiden,” it felt more like confirming that I'd been living every day carrying that energy within me.

I had always thought the darkness came from the outside, but through the seminar, I realized it had always been inside me.

I began to see it clearly: my own childishness.

Even though I noticed it, I would always stop there—never going any deeper.

I would sense something, but then just stop.

Then that feeling of “stopping” turned into a belief that it represented who I truly was.

But that was a mistake.

This seminar was here to help me realize just that—to confirm I was wrong.

Deep down, I’ve always carried this need to feel important.

At the same time, there’s a child in me who just wants to cling to my mother, to be spoiled by her.

That part of me has been pouring out those feelings all along.

When Ms. Shiokawa said, “Shrine maidens were separated from their mothers from a young age,”

it struck a chord in me.

I remembered how I was separated from my mother when I was little—how anxious, terrified, and lost I felt.

Still, I had to survive as a shrine maiden.

I had no choice but to live that way.

And now, that same feeling overlaps with how I live today.

The more I turn my heart inward,

the more I meet that part of me that’s been so lonely, so broken, that my heart felt like it would burst.

I want to tell her now:

“You really were so lonely, weren’t you?”

“There was nothing good at all.”

“You lived a life that ended only in loneliness.”

There’s a heavy lump like lead buried deep in my heart.

It’s that pain, that sorrow, that’s driven me all this time—

trying to escape it, trying to fight it.

Thank you. Thank you.

I may not be “receiving the consciousness” in some special way,
but I am confirming my heart, recognizing those feelings, and
embracing them in warmth.

I’m learning to return them with love—again and again.

Even so, I’ve resisted.

I’ve denied it all.

I’ve told myself, “I can’t do this. I’m not good enough.”

So I’d always ask others, rely on others, and keep blaming
myself, saying, “This is all I can do.”

“Aaahhh... Thank you. Thank you.”

Then the physical me jumps in and says,

“See? That’s right! Be happy with what you managed to do!”

I’ve always lived that way—led by my physical self, mixing
everything together in confusion and pain.

But this time, when I returned home after the Kashihara
seminar,

I was given the opportunity to truly “receive the consciousness
of a shrine maiden.”

While sorting through what I had felt at the seminar,

I realized I’d never really taken time to reflect.

I noticed my habit of spinning things in my head,
my tendency to grab hold of others, to cling to words and
never let go.

And then, from deep within, a message came:

“You must not keep going in circles like this forever.”

“It’s okay not to rush.

But please realize soon that the truth is already within you.”

That’s what I felt returning to me. Thank you.

Yes, I’m still spinning around.

But I want to return to warmth.

This Kashihara seminar helped me clearly recognize:

I’ve been wrong.

And I want to keep reminding myself of that.

14.

When I was a child, I often got lost whenever we went out as a family.

It happened many times, and each time, I felt a deep, hopeless fear, thinking,

“I may never see my mother or father again.”

None of my siblings ever got separated—only me.

I would cry in confusion, and sometimes my father would come and find me.

Other times, a police officer would help.

They were very painful experiences.

These events happened long ago,

and I don’t usually think about them anymore.

But the loneliness and fear I felt back then have stayed with me,

etched in my heart, never forgotten.

Even now, I can remember those feelings clearly.

For the longest time, I didn't understand why.

It never occurred to me that those feelings might be connected to a past life as a shrine maiden.

But through UTA Book's recent content about shrine maidens,

I've come to see that part of me is still alive within me.

No one had to tell me—I just knew it was true.

I don't remember many details,

but the fear and sadness I felt as a child still live deep within my heart.

That part of me—"the shrine maiden within"—has been waiting all this time

for me to finally notice her.

I've ignored her all these years without even realizing it.

In my heart, I've still clung to Amaterasu as a divine being.

Even after meeting the physical form of Tomekichi Taike and hearing the truth,

unless I truly understand my own suffering, love cannot begin to flow into it.

If I fail to realize that it was wrong to believe that Amaterasu was a god

who could save and heal me,

then my own suffering will continue forever.

Now that I've been given this rare opportunity to reconnect with the shrine maiden inside me,

I know that simply cutting ties with the gods of dependency isn't enough.

I need to face the pain of having once sought salvation and comfort in them.

And I need to do that gently, with kindness in my heart.

It's not about outward appearances or forms.

If I ignore the part of me that clung to false gods for salvation, and instead just cling to "the one true teaching" in a self-righteous way,

then my heart is still cold.

That self-centeredness,

that belief that "as long as I am okay, that's all that matters," cannot fill the emptiness inside me.

In fact, it only pushes me farther away from myself.

That realization struck me hard.

Right now, I've been given the chance to learn about the heart of the shrine maiden.

I want to love that part of me.

I want to feel the warmth that heals.

It was that shrine maiden self, buried deep inside me, that carried me through many long, painful reincarnations.

And now, I have met Tomekichi Taïke in the flesh, and he has gently explained the truth to me in ways I can understand.

This lifetime—this rebirth—is truly a blessing.

I'm not very sensitive.

I still carry the pain of hellish suffering in my heart,
but I struggle to fully feel it through the body.
Even so, I now say “I’m sorry” to my heart,
and I want to walk together with my shrine maiden self into
the next life.

So many lifetimes... thank you, from the bottom of my heart.
With the time I have left in this body,
I want to keep turning my heart toward joy and continue
learning.
Thank you.

15.

For as long as I can remember, the thought that I was “useless”
has always existed deep inside me.

No one has ever said those words to me in this life,
but I’ve always held onto that fear in my heart,
determined never to become someone worthless.

At the Kashihara seminar, my room had a clear view of Mt. Nijo.
As I looked at it, a memory surfaced—

“I once ran down that mountain, trying to get back to my
mother.”

That feeling came up strongly.

Now I think back:

I wish I had said no.

I wish I had said, “I don’t want to go.”
But I couldn’t say it.
I wanted my mother to praise me, to accept me.
So I swallowed my true feelings.
Even now, I still act that way sometimes.
I pretend to be a “good person,”
but afterward I’m left feeling lonely and miserable.
I’ve repeated that pattern again and again.
The training to become a shrine maiden was harsh—very harsh.
I didn’t want to lose.
I wanted to be the best among the shrine maidens.
I pushed myself so hard because I knew what would happen
if I was seen as useless.
But I let my guard down.
I didn’t understand the situation I was in.
Someone pushed me from behind,
and I fell from a high place and died.
Even after my body died, my thoughts remained.
Those feelings still come through to me now.
In this life, I’ve lived carefully, cautiously, always trying to
protect myself.
I’ve blamed my mother for everything.
I’ve hated her, looked down on her.
And yet at the same time, I’ve longed for her praise and
recognition.
That contradiction has shaped my heart.

But in truth, I just want to call out to my mother from the bottom of my heart.

During the seminar, when I turned my heart toward that part of me,

I heard it cry out:

“I want to go home. I want to go home. I want to go home.”

I want to let that part of me return.

I want us to return together.

I’m going to treasure the time I have left.

I want to learn deeply, and respond to this longing in my heart.

16.

During the final meditation of the seminar, my thoughts turned to my past—when I was separated from my mother as a child in this lifetime. When I became aware, she was no longer by my side. I remembered how I wandered, searching for her with all my heart.

No matter how much I searched, she wasn’t there in my heart. What filled me instead was a flood of loneliness, isolation, despair, and coldness. Eventually, I stopped calling out to her.

I had already begun to suppress myself and rely on external powers, sinking into the world of Amaterasu. One painful memory after another began to surface.

So many mikos who had killed their true selves were packed tightly within me.

When Shiokawa-san called on us, I suddenly broke down. From the very bottom of my heart, I cried out again and again, “Mother, Mother, Mother!”

The mikos inside me were calling out to their mother with all their hearts—and finally, we met her.

That distant, sorrowful cry belonged not only to the mikos, but also to Amaterasu.

We were all one in love.

Thank you, Mount Nijo, Mount Unebi, and the land of Kashihara.

17.

I’ve never really connected with the meditation on Amaterasu—it always felt vague and distant.

But during the recent seminar in Kashihara, when I heard the word “miko,” my body trembled.

I remembered those pitiful and sorrowful feelings that I had tried to suppress, desperately striving for approval.

The truth is, I was lonely and sad, and I held a bitter heart toward my mother.

I realized I had always believed she abandoned me.

Up until now, I had pushed those feelings away, saying, “It

couldn't be helped," over and over. But now, the cold, uncaring thoughts I had toward myself began to surface.

I will keep telling myself—let's return to love, let's return to warmth—with this sorrow, this loneliness, and my proud, self-important heart.

It was truly a joyful seminar. Thank you.

18.

Until now, I never really felt a strong connection to mikos.

They seemed like people who could read minds and manipulate others—that was the vague image I had.

But during the seminar, when Shiokawa-san mentioned "miko," powerful emotions surged up from deep inside me: resentment, pain, conflict.

I refused to lose to others or to myself. I had to be the one most qualified. That energy was overwhelming.

I realized I had inherited all those miko feelings and that I was still living with them just as they were.

The emotions I've directed at my husband, my mother-in-law, and my coworkers—those were clearly the feelings of a miko.

The frustration of not being the best. The desire to get revenge, thinking, "I'll show you one day."

Now, after all this time, I finally see that those tangled feelings came from my past as a miko.

It brings me a sense of relief and peace.

I've finally—finally—recognized it.

And I'm happy. Truly happy.

From my time as a miko to who I am now, through many lives, it's all been one continuous flow. I feel the joy of all consciousnesses becoming one.

“We are all one.” What a gentle and joyful truth that is.

19.

Since I was a child, I've had this strange habit of predicting future events, as if doing so gave me a sense of superiority.

When I met someone new, I'd think things like, “He might become successful one day, but he probably won't value his family.” I was always driven by a desire to predict what was to come.

When my predictions came true, I felt proud. But when they didn't, I'd feel intense frustration and even blame the other person. This happened many times.

Even though I knew it wasn't right to judge people's futures like that, I couldn't stop myself from doing it.

During meditation in Kashihara, I saw images of mikos pulling each other down, and I too had tried to push others aside to get ahead. At the same time, I recalled how I had been betrayed by someone I trusted and how that broke me.

Maybe the reason I still have trouble trusting others is

because of that past.

I had worked so hard, believing I could use my powers to lead people to happiness. But in the end, I was the one seeking salvation, while more capable mikos trampled over me.

I turned to the gods. I prayed, begging them to lift this unbearable suffering.

But nothing changed. The pain remained. I became enraged, shouting at the gods, “Even you have betrayed me?”

What should I believe in now?

What is true happiness? What is joy? What is peace in this world?

Mother, why did you give birth to me? If I had to carry this much pain, I wish I’d never been born.

Mother... I’m lonely. So lonely.

20.

When I focused on the word “miko,” I felt an overwhelming loneliness that nearly drove me insane. No—inside, I was already losing it.

“Lonely, lonely, lonely,” I cried, as if my body was being torn apart.

It was a loneliness so intense, I felt like I couldn’t breathe.

This must be what people mean by “a pain that tightens the chest.”

The loneliness was unbearable. I thought that going mad would be easier.

And so, I did—I went mad. My heart shattered.

As a miko, I wanted to forget that loneliness. I poured my heart into the gods, into Amaterasu, again and again.

My mother abandoned me.

She left me just because I was the eldest.

“You’re a smart girl. You’re capable. You’re a good child.”

No matter how much you praise me, you abandoned me for your own survival.

You chose your younger children over me. And you call yourself a mother?

I will never call you “Mother” again.

I will never call out to someone who isn’t really there.

I’ll never believe in a mother’s warmth again.

You gave birth to me for your own happiness, and then you threw me away for your own happiness. There’s no warmth in a mother like that.

I’m lonely, lonely, lonely.

No—I’m not lonely! Don’t you dare pity me!

I’ll work harder, harder, and harder until I become the best! You’ll regret abandoning me. I’ll prove you wrong!

Damn it! Don’t brag about me as your child!

You didn’t do anything! Everything I’ve achieved is because of my own effort!

You had nothing to do with it!

I’m so angry. So full of frustration.

When I attended my first seminar in Kashiwara, I was given a message:

“Face the overwhelming loneliness that makes you feel like you’re losing your mind.”

Past, future, and present—all become one.

The feelings of the miko are the foundation of all my emotions in this lifetime.

Understanding the miko’s heart is the key to reflecting on my relationship with my mother, my reliance on external powers, and self-healing.

It was truly a turning point in my learning.